The Bucks County Gazette.

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DOWN DRURY LANE.

The dirty street is all aflare with light
That blazes from the garish drinking bars
Athwart the solemn purple of the night,
Athwart the steadfast shining of the stars.

A battered barrel organ, bold and loud,
Grinds out the strains of a familiar air;
And on the dusty pavement whirls a crowd
Of children dancing quaintly in the glare.

Oblivious of their hunger and their rags,
With little flickering feet that never tire,
They eddy over the uneven flags
Like flights of birds about a windy spire.

And fluttering absorbed and dreamy eyed,
They gain once more a well beloved clime,
Where all around them, beautiful and wide,
Is spread the blissful land of Pantomime.

Once more, in filmy frocks of silver sheen,
In flowery wreaths and silken sandals small,
They flit beneath the Beanstalk high and green,
Or dance with Cinderella at the Ball.

Once more they circle 'round the palace dim
In which the lovely sleeping Beauty lies,
And pause to watch the Prince, so young and slim,
Awake her with a kiss upon her eyes.

Ah, Fairyland! It stretches far and near
Its mazy windings mystically sweet;
It has a dazzling doorway even here
In all the squalor of this joyless street.
—Frances Wynne in London Spectator.

A LOST LOVE.

Martha Hargrave was an only child of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of Elm's Cross, the expectant heiress of his fortune and possessed in her own right of £5,000. In such circumstances it may be supposed that she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculative mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own society—for Mr and Mrs Hargrave were Quakers of the old school and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of their friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son, the former an early intimate of Mrs. Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world.

Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a mother's doting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the play mate in childhood. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brims of the young Quakers, and the affection of the boy was steered to ripen into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Richard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl.

But nevertheless when Richard came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalism, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing in his face with a look of girlish fondness that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years, and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings.

As the moment of parting arrived he drew her toward him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist, and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared. He did not know, when in the morning the stage coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room of that house watching the vehicle till it was lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London, but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since at the end of only three years he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval, but I need not say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character.

At the end of the three years I have mentioned Mrs. Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, his characteristic daring prevailed, and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he inclosed the letter, open, in a briefer one to her father, and dispatched the fateful missive.

The reply came from Mr. Hargrave. It was cool, calm, decisive. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rationally minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and when his fortune permitted it select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production, and he wrote at once to Mr. Hargrave to say that his daughter was old enough to decide for herself; that on the following day he would present himself at his house in Elm's Cross in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed across the Dutchlike lawn of the house he felt his heart die within him. When the respectable middle aged servant marshaled him up stairs to the drawing room he followed the man with deference, as if he had something to say in the decision.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door glided composedly up to Richard and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable.

"Martha," he said, "did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you. Was it not so?"

"Nay, Richard."

"Then you knew, even before I dared to speak, that I loved you. Do you know of the reply my letter received?"

"Yea, Richard."

"And you sanctioned it?"

"In meaning," but here her voice slightly faltered; "if the words were unkind, be thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart."

"Then I was deceived in supposing—for I did indulge the dream—that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom? That interest belongs to another!"

"I never had a dearer friendship than thine," said Martha, and raising her eyes to his she added, after a pause, in the clear, distinct, silvery tone which was the character of her voice, "and never shall!"

"Yet you reject and spurn me!"

"Richard," said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, "no more of this. Thou mayest agitate and unnerve, but never change my purpose."

"What is your purpose?"

"To honor my father and my mother."

She extended her hand to him and spoke. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone.

Richard never knew whether any one watched the stagecoach that day from the upper window.

Martha was not well, and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering place to watering place; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. But still she was not well, and when many months had passed away the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the following communication received in reply to a letter from Mr. Hargrave.

RESPECTED SIR—The inquiry thou directedst has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our society) to whom the young man is well known and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is wise beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits and will get on in the world. This is the opinion of my friend. I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife. But Richard was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in the company of the maid, seemed preoccupied—doubtless by business. Since writing these lines I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs. I am, respected friend, etc., EZEKIEL BROWN.

This letter determined Mr. Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple, and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved to the unbounded joy of the parents that as yet she had no organic disease.

For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. At length an acquaintance, when calling, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

"Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?" Martha nodded.

"He is grown so comely and so manly thou wouldst hardly know him."

"He will call here, peradventure?" said the mother.

"Nay. He has already taken his place in the coach for tomorrow." Martha grew pale, and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a friendly note from Mr. Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing room his manner was very different from what it had been on the last occasion. He was calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; he waited for the appearance of his inviter with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr. Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition. The color that rose into her face and made her more beautiful than ever prevented him from seeing that she had been ill, and when she held out her hand the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary that he did not discover its attenuation. A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time.

He was about to withdraw with a ceremonious bow when Martha stepped forward.

"Richard," said she, "I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I speak without concealment. Tarry yet awhile, for I have that to say which, peradventure, may make thee consider thy place in the coach a light sacrifice."

"How?"

"Richard," she continued, "thou didst once woo me for thy wife, and wert rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it?" and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. "Wert thou to ask again the answer might be different!"

So long a silence ensued after this speech that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love; nothing but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

"What meaneth this?" cried Martha, rushing toward him, but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lips:

"Ruin—misery—horror! Martha, I am married!" And so saying he rushed out of the room.

It is said that men recover more speedily than women in love disappointments. The reason is not that they feel them less deeply. Women have more leisure than men. The world has few demands upon them, and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve by making wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Margaret Hargrave. Although stunned at first by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to lie buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health. The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue, and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent into the vale of years.

The process is different with Richard Temple, but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue, but still he had honor and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business and to his rapidly increasing family; prospered in both, and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good, but he was embarrassed, almost ruined, for want of money.

One day during this crisis he was in his private room in the counting room brooding over his difficulties, and in the least possible mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first two lines of which informed him, in a brief, businesslike manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor and he abandoned himself to grief.

On emerging from this he took up the letter to place it on the table, when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him the whole of her original fortune of £5,000. When he had become quite an old man he was observed often plunged in a deep reverie over his Quaker love.—L. R. in New York News.

Where Nature Beats Science.

A method of treating mother of pearl shells consists in drawing upon them with a brush and wax varnish any designs desired, after which they are placed in a bath of weak muriatic acid. The latter eats away the outer coat wherever it is not protected by the varnish, the result being a lovely cameo with raised figures in white on a pearly ground. Nature, however, beats art hollow at this sort of work.

In the cretaceous epoch, hundreds of thousands of years ago, there lived certain cephalopods since extinct, which science calls "ammonites." The pearl they produced was of wonderful beauty, and many fossil ammonites dug up today have been so operated upon by the process of decay as to form elaborate patterns on the shells in pearl and white.—English Mechanic.

TROUT AND FLIES

SUPERSTITIONS THAT ANGLERS INVARIABLY FOLLOW.

An Angler Discourses on the Taboos of the Sacred Fish—There Seems to Be No Reason Why Other Bait Than Flies May Not Be Used in Hooking Trout.

Angling on the Itchen, the Test and all other fashionable trout streams is governed by a rigid law that the fly is the only permissible lure. No sportsman questions the tradition, which indeed is so thoroughly established that the very poacher in the dead of night would blush at the thought of using anything grosser than an alder.

Nearly all etiquettes, howsoever difficult it may be to perceive what originally gave rise to them, are rational at bottom; but this one seems an exception. There is no obvious reason why worm or gentles or the Alexandra fly or even minnow should be tabooed. At least there is none that we can see.

Perhaps if one were venturesome enough to ask a Hampshire fisherman in what respect a minnow is offensive, we should be told that it falls into the water with a shocking splash. The splash is undeniable; but surely it is an inadequate explanation of the taboo. A minnow is not the only thing that splashes. We have seen the lightest dry fly splash abominably, to the obvious terror of the trout; and the Hampshire fisherman himself splashes, for he invariably wades, and in that act disturbs the water in half an hour more than all the minnows in the tackle shops could possibly do in a day.

It is equally impossible to think that the objectionable characteristic of the minnow is that it is too killing. The minnow is not killing at all. He who could do any good with a minnow in the pellucid waters of a chalk stream would be an artist of incomparable skill. The trout usually flee an angler's minnow in a perturbation compared with which the author of "Salome's" displeasure with the lord chamberlain is equanimity. Can it be, then, that in tabooing the minnow our fishermen are making a virtue of a necessity, and not countenancing it merely because it is useless? We might incline to this conjecture, if it were not that the best managed dry fly is usually useless too. Why are our modern fishermen so fastidious as to the means by which they achieve failure?

Rumination on the gentle makes the subject darker than ever. Indeed gentles, which may be defined as maggots, wasp grubs, caddis or any other white creeping things, are treated according to a code of angling morals which is quite inexplicably arbitrary. You must not use a gentle when it is a "stone bait," but you do a highly meritorious action when ten minutes afterward, he has taken to himself the wings of the greendrake and you seize him to adorn a tail. You must not use a maggot from the butchers; but you are at liberty to put a bit of white leather on a fly hook, and that oddly enough is sometimes a lure more deadly than the gentle, of which it is intended to be an imitation. You must not use an Alexandra, but nobody will hinder you from working with a 2-inch Jock Scott if you are fool enough to prefer that means of failure.

There is, however, a reason for this particular taboo. It is founded upon a wisdom akin to that of Theophile Gautier's cat, which, hearing a parrot speak, remarked reflectively: "This is not a bird. This is a gentleman. Listen to his conversation!" In the estimate of the conscientious fisherman, the Alexandra fly is not a fly. It is a minnow. Its dressing of feathers looks like wings, but there are three hooks underneath, and when the thing is in the water it has the appearance of a green minnow.

Thus far the philosophy of the taboo is unimpeachable; but we can go no further. The Alexandra's resemblance to a minnow is no closer than that of a brown hackle to a spider, which is so little close that we have the audacity to doubt whether the trout feels himself to be rising at a spider when we feel that it is a spider we are offering him. What cause indeed have we to believe that fish take our lures in the spirit in which they are given? Is it not pretty well ascertained that there is no fly, no shrimp, no prawn which has any likeness to the blue devils, the thunder-and-lightnings and other engines on which salmon willingly impale themselves? What can a trout be thinking of when it snaps at a parr tail? Let us hope that anglers will not allow this so called Nineteenth century to pass away with the premises of their science unrevised. It is high time they were considering the possibility that fish take some lures merely for the fun of the thing, or by way of resenting an insult, and not because the lures seem something good to eat.

Having gone so far in heresy, we may as well say a word for the worm. Any one caught in the act of fishing in Hampshire with a worm would be promptly expelled by his club. As he would have broken the rules, that would serve the rascal right; but really the taboo of the worm is, like crimes' acts in the eyes of the Liberal party when it is the other party which has passed them, a means of turning innocence into wrong.

The worm in itself is inoffensive. Very often, especially on a bright summer day, it would be less of a failure than a fly usually is, but that should not be accounted to its discredit. The streams on which it is forbidden are so well stocked that no harm would be done, although all the fishermen on them tried worm now and then, and succeeded as often and as abundantly as their skill permitted. Successful worm fishing in a clear stream is no mean art. It might be rated higher than success with the dry fly, for while it is true that the trout as a rule prefer a worm to an insect, it is also true that to cast a worm so as to attract the fish is much more difficult than to "place" a dry fly neatly.—London Saturday Review.

What He Was Afraid Of.

In a certain case which occurred not long ago, the ordinary rule about letting horses was not applied by a stable keeper. A young man of rather feeble appearance called for a saddle horse for a ride through the park. The horse was saddled, and the stable keeper said:

"I shall have to ask you to pay in advance."

"What?" said the surprised young man. "Do you think I would not come back with the horse?"

"Not exactly that," said the stableman. "I'm afraid the horse might come back without you!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Moons of Uranus.

Uranus has four little moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—which, funnily enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to northeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites.—Providence Journal.

A Portland (Me.) man has invented a bicycle engine which he claims will propel the 'cycle at a speed far greater than that of our fastest passenger trains.

The latest experimenter on the auroral line infers that aurora only appear at a considerable height in temperate zones, while in the auroral zone proper the phenomenon is generally produced in the lowerer atmosphere.

Running for Life.

Mr. F. F. Tuckett, with two English friends and two guides, was climbing one of the loftier peaks of the Alps. Ulrich, one of the guides, was leading, when suddenly a cracking noise was heard somewhere above them. Instantly all eyes—except Ulrich's, who was a little hard of hearing—were turned upward to the overhanging ice cliff. The next moment a huge mass of ice broke away, mingled apparently with a still greater mass of snow from the slopes above. What followed is thus described by Mr. Tuckett:

Instinctively I bolted for the rocks of the Rothstock, if haply it might not be too late, yelling rather than shouting to the others, "Run for your lives!"

Ulrich was the last to take the alarm, though the nearest to the danger, and was thus eight or ten paces behind the rest of us, but by this time we were all straining desperately through the deep, soft snow for dear life, yet with faces turned upward to watch the swift oncoming of the foe.

Nearer and nearer it came, its front like a mighty wave that is about to break, yet still "on the curl hangs pausing." Now it has traversed the whole width of the glacier above us, taking a somewhat diagonal direction. And now run, oh, run! if ever you did, for here it comes straight at us, still outflanking us, swift, deadly and implacable!

The next moment we saw no more. A wild confusion of whirling snow and fragments of ice—a frozen cloud—swept over us, entirely concealing us from one another; and still we were untouched—at least I knew that I was—and still we ran.

Another half second and the mist had passed, and there lay the body of the monster, whose head was still careering away at lightning speed far below us, motionless, rigid and harmless.

It will naturally be supposed that the race was one which did not admit of accurate timing by the performers, but I think the whole thing from first to last did not occupy more than five or six seconds.

Physicians Centuries Ago.

In some countries, where physicians did not thrive, sick people were placed on the roadside, that travelers who had suffered with like maladies might suggest remedies.

Such crude efforts were supplanted at Rome by shops in which various drugs and medicines were sold. Then, as now, quacks abounded, and the government, for the protection of the people, ordered that all remedies should bear a label declaring the character of the medicine, the name of its inventor, the sickness for which it was prepared, with a list of its ingredients and full directions as to the way in which it should be taken.

For disorders of the stomach a favorite prescription was to the effect that the sufferer should read aloud in a clear, distinct tone some book or speech and then take moderate exercise.

Physicians were divided, as now, into various classes of specialists—doctors for the eye, for the throat, etc. Even in those old days women practiced medicine, although they did not reach prominence in the profession.

Surgeons used various instruments, resembling in some measure those of today. They had ear probes, syringes, instruments for cutting bones, and the like. In very early times dentists came into notice, and an ancient author refers to "gold fillings."—Professor A. P. Montague in Youth's Companion.

An Excuse That Was Too Weak.

As two Portland police were taking to the station a man who had been having a great old celebration in his house, he asked why he was arrested.

"Because you were making too much noise," replied the officer.

"I was only talking."

"You talked too loud."

"My wife has been deaf two years and I have too."

But this did not satisfy the police, and the anxious inquirer spent the night in the station.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Didn't Want Water.

Mamma—What is your kitten meowing for?

Little Daughter—I is tryin to find out, but I can't.

Mamma—Perhaps she wants water.

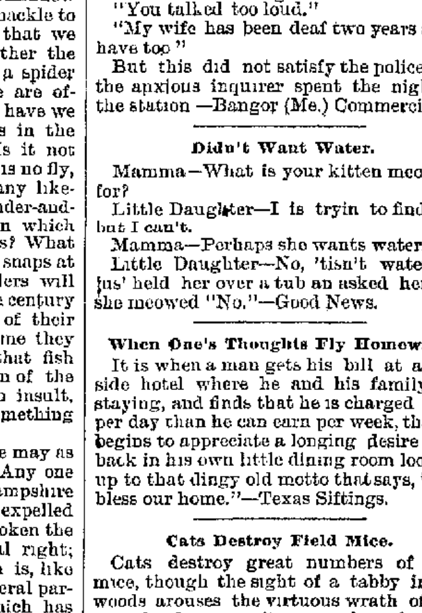
Little Daughter—No, 'tisn't water. I jus' held her over a tub an asked her and she meowed "No."—Good News.

When One's Thoughts Fly Homeward.

It is when a man gets his bill at a seaside hotel where he and his family are staying, and finds that he is charged more per day than he can earn per week, that he begins to appreciate a longing desire to be back in his own little dining room looking up to that dingy old motto that says, "God bless our home."—Texas Siftings.

Cats Destroy Field Mice.

Cats destroy great numbers of field mice, though the sight of a tabby in his woods arouses the virtuous wrath of the orthodox keeper quite as much as the hint of a two legged poacher lying in one of his pheasant coverts.—Edinburgh Scotsman.



USED THEM IN HIS BLOW-GUN.

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?"

Boy—"Oh, I used them in my blow-gun."

The little fellow put the nasty, great, griping, old-fashioned pills to a good use. At most, all his internal economy needed was a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules, easy to take, and are gently aperient, or actively cathartic, according to size of dose. As a laxative, only one tiny Pellet is required.

The "Pellets" cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

The "Pellets" are purely vegetable, and operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because they are *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or their price (25 cents a vial) is refunded. Can you ask more?

The Old Brick Oven.

Every Saturday, long years ago, my mother used to bake in a brick oven. We had a stove in the kitchen, but its oven was imperfect, so she clung to the brick one. The boys brought in the long oven wood. It was heated to perfection. When the wood was reduced to coals and the coals were mostly taken out, the temperature was tried, not with a thermometer, for these instruments were then scarcely known, but with the hand.

If the hand could be held therein while its owner counted thirty, the oven was just right for the proper baking of pies. If the hand was scorched the oven was left open for a few minutes to cool off. After the pies and cake came the bread, and then (for we were Connecticut Yankees) the pot of beans and the loaf of rye and Indian bread were put in to bake for the Saturday night's supper and the Sunday dinner. Many beans have I eaten elsewhere in many parts of our land, but never did bean have the same flavor, never did pork have the same crispness or brown bread the same richness as used to be produced in the old family brick oven.

On extraordinary occasions, such as quilting parties, training days, weddings and funerals, old Nance was called in to bake for us. She was the neighborhood caterer; an African of the Africans. How the oven glowed as the fire shone on her yellow turban and was reflected from her honest black face! What wonderful wedding cake she would make! What palatable funeral meats she would bake! Her midmorning dram was always set upon the mantelpiece, and how limber her tongue would become after she had tossed it off!—Troy Times.

Slavery Among Ants.

Certain warlike species of ants, as Formica sanguinea and Formica rufescens, have subjugated a negro species, Formica fusca. Here again ants, while behaving like men, have never allowed themselves the abuses of force to which men are accustomed. They never enslave adult ants; they seize upon the pupæ, bring up the young, treat them gently and thus turn them into docile and zealous servants.

The slave ants, who have never known the city from which they sprang, do all the inferior work of the community with eager alacrity, care for the larvæ, carry their mistresses, feed them, barricade the approaches in case of siege, receive the victorious amazons with joy when they return from a fruitful expedition and relieve them of the pupæ captured in the raid. They are so thoroughly on the side of their employers that it is believed they molest those who return from an expedition with empty mandibles.

As for these slaves, their labor is purely domestic. In some English ant hills the slaves never leave the nest. In Switzerland some go aphis hunting, a business scorned by the warrior ants. The warriors always seem to consider the black ants who serve them as their property, and though they may allow themselves to be carried by their slaves, these soldiers, in their turn, do not disdain to carry their servants for safety's sake when changing house, or in case of a siege to drag them hastily down into the depths of the subterranean dwelling.—"Property; Its Origin and Development."

Spelling by Electricity.

A decided novelty in the electrical line is an "illuminating speller," which was used at the graduating exercises of the Columbia university law class, Washington. It is nothing more or less than a machine which spells words and can even be made to construct entire sentences. It consists of any desired number of boxes ranged side by side and made light tight except in front, where they are covered with letter transparencies cut from ordinary cardboard and having tissue paper of different colors pasted over them. In each box is a 16-candle power incandescent lamp.

In the present instance the "speller," which was driven by a little one-eighth horse power motor, makes about eight revolutions a minute. It is a cylinder about fourteen inches in diameter, around which are placed any given number of brass strips of different lengths, and connected with a transverse strip which runs to the boxes. As this cylinder is revolved, it throws the current into one box after the other, flashing the light on, and thus spelling out the words. The sentence can be left in illumination any time, and can also be flashed backward by means of a reversing switch. It would seem that such a device as this might have many uses of great value besides enlivening the exercises of a graduating class.—New York Post.

The Mockingbird on Washing Day.

A saucy mockingbird tries to rule with sovereign sway my neighbor's dooryard. So domineering has he become that he appears regularly every Monday morning when the family washing is being hung to dry. Near at hand he alights on a bough and sings jubilantly. He tilts and courtesies and fairly gurgles with ecstatic gushes as the white garments go up in varied array to float in the breeze. But when the red bandanna handkerchiefs of the men are pinned flapping to the line, suddenly his ecstatic note changes, his jubilant mood deserts him and his voice, but lately full of melody, becomes that of an unmistakable scold. He bristles, he blusters, he pours forth defiant menaces at the very top of his voice. And at last he retreats in high dudgeon, nor will he return while the objectionable red flags flutter from the line.—San Diego Cor. Christian Union.

The Camel's Bite.

The camel alone of all ruminants has incisor teeth in the upper jaw, which, with the peculiar structure of his other teeth, make his bite, the animal's first and main defense, most formidable. The skeleton of the camel is full of proofs of design. Notice, for example, the arched backbone, constructed in such a way as to sustain the greatest weight in proportion to the span of the supports. A strong camel can bear 1,000 pounds weight, although the usual load in Yemen is not more than 600 pounds.—Rev. S. M. Zwemer in Christian Intelligencer.

The Size of the Earth.

To form some idea of the largeness of the earth, one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth. Place 500 earths like ours side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily inclose them. Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside of the sun if hollow.—Copenhagen Norastjermen.

Isabel's Feeling.

A day or two ago Isabel, three years old, was dressing her doll. For some reason everything did not work to suit her, and she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm bygusted; this button won't butt!"—New York Tribune.

Our animal friends have less than we of that evil perseverance which makes a boy persist against his nature until he is able to smoke. If the dumb brute finds a thing distasteful or painful, he seldom touches it again.

Telephones in service in the United States number nearly 512,500, and the total length of line is over a quarter of a million miles.

'Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A QUESTION OF NERVES.

The Dread of Noise One of the Alarming Signs of Civilization.

Although, according to certain philosophers, sound ceases when noise begins, to the world at large there is no sharp division. Thomas Hood said that the Germans, for a musical nation, were the most noisy he ever met with, and Schopenhauer quoted the opinion with approval, alleging as a cause that his countrymen do not think—"they only smoke, which is their substitute for thought." The great pessimist regarded noise as the assassin of thought, but Dr. Johnson made the same charge against music. As a nation we delight in the firecrackers of the Chinese and loathe their national music. They in turn cannot endure our scale and our system of harmony. The Bostonian who does not jump at discordant church chimes, harsh and out of tune, will fret at the street cries of a foreign city, although they are often pleasantly pitched and of rare historical interest.

The worshiper at the shrine of Brahms will stop her ears when "Maggie Murphy" issues from a new and improved hand organ, although the melody is characteristic, the rhythm of the performer is faultless and his bravura is of dazzling accuracy. There are people in Detroit to whom the factory whistles are such an annoyance that by a city ordinance workmen now go to their labor and return homeward in a depressing silence, and yet even the chromatic whistle, with its predominating color red and its ascending wail, was heard with joy at noon by women who thus knew there was a loafing spell for their men. After all, this distinction between noise and sound is in a measure a question of individuality as well as of association of ideas.

When Elizabeth ruled England manual laborers and mechanical artificers sang at their work. The merry cobbler is extinct. The tinker raises his voice in melody in Mr. De Koven's "Robin Hood," but in our daily life he gives vent to his feelings in prose. Our street cries in America are few, chiefly in the mouths of wandering hucksters of fruits and vegetables. Their calls are all too short, as though they realized that even in this respect time is money. Then, too, they know that in the summer, when windows are open, their vocal approach is feared by our nervous citizens, whereas, if we were truly civilized, it would be welcomed. It is true there should be a training school, and the work of Georges Kastner should be the text book.

Each vegetable should have its peculiar song. The butcher, the milkman, the hurler of ice, the buyer of old clo', the mender of windows or umbrellas, all other purveyors to human needs, should serve a sonorous apprenticeship. The orientals are our masters. They clothe the announcement of their merchandise in poetic phrases: they recommend a fruit as a consolation; flowers are perfumes of paradise for the present delectation of the faithful. Were we to adopt their methods, street cries might not in future be regarded as so many varieties of noise, as terrible as a neighboring and busy pile driver.

The unreasonable dread of noise is one of the most alarming symptoms of the sickly condition of our civilization. This is the age of the nerves and of nervous diseases. And yet in spite of the prevailing fear of shocks to the ear, human ingenuity adds daily to the number of disturbing causes. Familiarity with such causes acts, it is said, like a potent, stupefying drug. But we cannot all attend the concerts of a season, nor can we all live in the vicinity of a boiler factory. The growth of the flat should therefore be encouraged. The privacy in such a dwelling is tumultuous. The kitchen is close to the parlor; voices above and below assume unnatural proportions through the speaking trumpet of the elevator; the irritating electric bell is at the mercy of any flippant passer by. This discipline of a year may bring such callousness of nerve that the loneliness of an isolated farmhouse or the waste of ocean may in turn shatter the town dweller beyond repair.—Boston Transcript.

Maimed at Gettysburg.

He was plainly a veteran, and he looked with interest several times at a man who held his handkerchief to the side of his face. After awhile he said:

"Toothache, mister?"

"No; wounded."

"Where'd it happen?"

"Gettysburg."

"You don't say so! Keeps coming open, does it, cap'n?"

"Yes. It hasn't shown any sign of healing yet."

"You don't say so! Bullet, wasn't it, major?"

"No; cut."

"That's bad. I tell you, colonel, those sabers leave a mighty nasty place nine times out of ten."

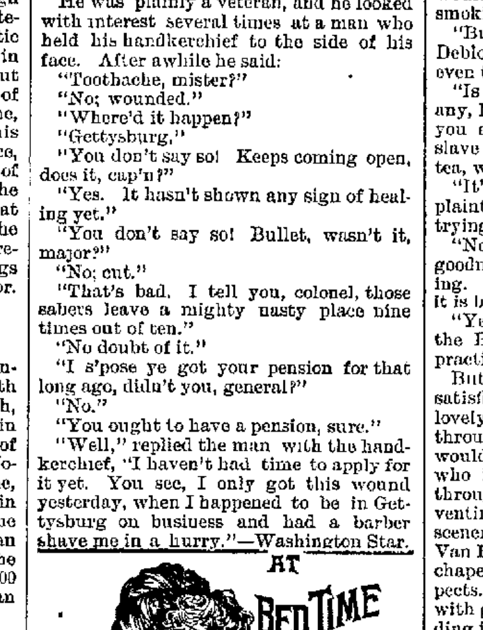
"No doubt of it."

"I s'pose ye got your pension for that long ago, didn't you, general?"

"No."

"You ought to have a pension, sure."

"Well," replied the man with the handkerchief, "I haven't had time to apply for it yet. You see, I only got this wound yesterday, when I happened to be in Gettysburg on business and had a barber shave me in a hurry."—Washington Star.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE.

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

Putting Off an Objection.

It has twice happened to me that some one has risen up in the church for the purpose of forbidding the banns. I asked the objector to speak to me in the vestry after service, and the incident passed off and seemed to make little stir in the church at the time, but on both occasions the fact was widely reported in the London papers.

I have heard again of a clergyman who was so awkward that on the first occasion of his officiating at a wedding he stood the whole time at the altar, and read the service exactly as he found it in the prayer book, without inserting the names of the interested parties, "I, M., take thee, N., to my wedded wife," etc.—Cornhill Magazine.

Our Debt to Flowers.

Few appreciate how much of the floral beauty which gives interest to travel we owe to foreign introductions. If we want to admire our own native productions we have to go to the swamps and deep woods, and look for them in the more out of the way places, as we would look for a lot of wild Indians.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There are 175 different pieces in the average watch, requiring in its manufacture 2,400 separate and distinct operations.

TO CALIFORNIA.

"It is hame, and it's hame,
And it is hame I fain would be."

Oh, for the sight of a manzanita,
With its branches red and its frosty sheen!
Oh, for the shade of a dark madrono,
With waxy blossoms its leaves between!

Oh, for the sight of a white Sierra,
Or undulant wave of a rolling plain!
Oh, for one view of the broad Pacific,
Or the rounded hills of the low coast chain!

Oh, for one breath of the balmy pine breeze
That softly falls from the mountains above!
Oh, for the cool of the fog at evening,
Nestling down like a brooding dove!

Oh, for one hour beside the ocean,
That ebbs and flows through the Golden Gate!
Oh, for a place on calm Lone mountain,
To slumber in when the day grows late!

Oh, for a sight of the luscious verdure!
And, oh, for the lovely flowers that grow!
Oh, for a rest and an hour's forgetting
Of all of the other lands I know!

Oh, give me one hour in California!
'Twould cycles in other lands outweigh.
Oh, let me once feel her skies o'ershade me!
Years, years I would give for but just one day!

OLIVE HARPER.

POOR MRS. PENRHYN.

It was the height of the season—that is, it was becoming more and more difficult to secure a second piece of pie. The table at Lawton's had never been what you would call generous, and the elderly people, to whom no amount of tennis or dog cart could compensate for any lack in dinner, were grumbling perceptibly. Old Mr. Foxwood indeed was heard to mutter one afternoon that he had serious thoughts of going down to the city merely to get a regular dinner, and when asked where he should expect to find it murmured testily that there were places where they had to square the circle, and knew how to give you a square meal if you paid them a round sum.

"I'm going back to Kiasko in September," he added. "It was terribly hot there in July, and I hadn't a particle of appetite; but they set a splendid table."

"Can't expect everything anywhere, Mr. Foxwood," remarked Van Etten cheerfully. "Here you have an appetite and at Kiasko you had something to eat."

To which Miss Deblois added a grim comment to the effect that it might be a good thing occasionally for a high liver to be obliged to diet for awhile.

"Yes, Mr. Foxwood," said Van Etten blithely, "much better di-et than die eating."

"Don't think so. If I knew smoking would shorten my life ten years, I'd go on smoking and die earlier."

"But it is such a pity," murmured Miss Deblois, "for men to be a slave to anything, even to tea."

"Is that the reason why you never take any, Miss Deblois? Then it seems to me you are a kind of slave, too, you are a slave to not taking tea. And speaking of tea, what is the matter with this coffee?"

"It's the cup," said Masterson Flower plaintively. "I should as soon think of trying to drink over a stone wall."

"No, it's the way it is browned. The goodness of coffee is all a matter of browning. Anybody can make good coffee after it is browned carefully."

"Yes," sighed Van Etten. "Such a pity the Browning clubs don't take up this practical branch of their art."

But the young people were perfectly satisfied. There was tennis. There were lovely woods, with drives and walks through them. Occasionally some youth would complain of a too devoted chaperon, who insisted on accompanying the pair through the woods, and effectually preventing any conversation except about the scenery; but he was always assured by Van Etten that it was a good sign when a chaperon took such interest in the "prospects." A small "park" had been laid out with great exactness and very green sodding in front of the house, so that invalids could take their constitutionals comfortably within range; but the landlord feared he had made a mistake when—the park being a perfect square—the worst of the invalids complained that he knew he was losing strength, because when he came he could walk quite around the entire square, but lately, as soon as he got half around, he had to turn and come back.

However, the young people who were not invalids were in ecstacies. There were picnics and excursions and walking parties and moonlight drives, when Mr. Foxwood, surveying the start from the piazza and gazing at the bright young faces, would remark cynically, "Good heavens! one would think you were starting out on a party of pleasure!" The natives of the vicinity offered unique entertainment in the local color of their speech and opinions. It was seldom that an excursion returned without some bonmots from a rustic to carry back for a dinner anecdote during the city winter. It was thought Van Etten had secured rather the cream of these, when he came across a native stonecutter whose direct business was the making of gravestones. He had gravely assured Van Etten that he thought of changing his profession and going to the city. "The trouble with monements," he explained, "is that yer can't never secure any one man fur a regerlar customer!"

Yes, the young people were happy. For there were piazzas and dancing and college songs, in addition to the woods and the tennis; and then there was Arthur Penrhyn.

Arthur Penrhyn was young, he was handsome, he was rich, he was aristocratic, he was devoted. True, he was also married; but his wife had left in July to take care of a sick friend in the city, and Mr. Penrhyn, in her absence, did not mope. Moreover, he had a dogcart. "Yes, it was rather a nice affair," he used to confess with pride; "I'm not too proud to go without a dogcart, but I am too proud to have a shabby one." And he never drove out alone; some one was always invited to share the drive. Moreover, he was a capital tennis player, a good talker, a rather remarkable musician and a thoroughly fine fellow. In other words he was, in summer hotel parlance, "ready for anything."

There were those, including Miss Deblois, who thought he was too ready, and that if poor Mrs. Penrhyn knew, she would shorten her ministrations to her invalid friend. Nothing more definite was ever brought up against him than that he seemed to be "carrying on." He was not guilty of pronounced devotion to any one of the fair belles. Each had her turn in the dogcart, and there came a day when Miss Deblois herself was subjected to a painful decision between maintaining a just consistency and going to drive with Mr. Penrhyn herself.

After much reflection she decided that the long, quiet drive would give her an excellent opportunity to sow good seed in Mrs. Penrhyn's absence. So she went—and sowed, but the only harvest she reaped was a second invitation when her turn came around again, after a goodly number of pretty girls had been content to go to drive without sowing. What she sowed was not known; and it was probably the imperceptibility of any particular harvest that led her to accept the second invitation to herself, and so apparently to encourage the delightful Arthur in "carrying on."

"Is your wife coming today?" she asked primly at the breakfast table one morning, when a date that she had heard mentioned had come around with the whirligig of time.

"Alas, no!" and Miss Deblois was thankful that at least the cheerful Arthur had the grace to suspend an animated conversation with Miss Howe and sigh. "She finds she must stay another week, and she has sent for another of her dresses. I found the skirt, but I am in despair about the waist; I can't find it anywhere, and she is in a great hurry for it."

"Oh, well," said Van Etten, "if she is in a hurry, just pack up the skirt and send it off in haste. Haste, you know, always brings waist."

When the second date that had been fixed for Mrs. Penryhn's arrival came around, however, it was announced that she was really to arrive. Miss Deblois noticed with pleasure—at least she said it was with pleasure—that at any rate Mr. Penrhyn gave up a game of tennis to go in the dogcart himself to the station to meet his wife. Poor thing! How little she knew! It was to be hoped he would at least have the grace to cease "carrying on" in her very presence.

"And so pretty!" sighed Miss Deblois, as she peeked through the blind when the dogcart drove up, and caught a glimpse of a lovely little lady habited most stylishly in dark blue cloth with a very becoming hat and dark blue feathers, who smiled brightly as she glanced up at the house as if conscious what might be lurking behind closed blinds. "How could he desert her so?"

In strict truth it was Mrs. Penrhyn who might have been said to desert Mr. Penrhyn under the circumstances. But Miss Deblois never recognized circumstances. If his wife had to be away it was Mr. Penrhyn's duty to mope. And he had not moped. Moped, indeed!

As the Penrhyns came out on the piazza a few minutes before tea, Mr. Penrhyn introduced his wife to occasional groups, and especially to Miss Howe.

"And are you the Miss Howe who plays tennis so splendidly?" asked Mrs. Penrhyn, with a cordial smile.

"Poor thing! she knows," murmured Miss Deblois. "Who could have told her?"

"Perhaps he told her himself," remarked Van Etten grimly. "You know there was always a letter every day."

"From her, yes," answered Miss Deblois, pursing up her lips.

"But people don't go on persistently writing letters unless they are answered, do they?"

"Devoted wives do, frequently," said the lady, with an emphasis as of one who had been a devoted wife for years.

It was soon evident that, whoever might be the guilty informant, Mrs. Penrhyn 'knew all," as Miss Deblois would have expressed it. Every name was evidently familiar to her, and she knew just what incidents were connected with every name. It was Miss Howe who played tennis so well, and Miss Newton who sang so many German songs, and Miss Lewis who had made Arthur that charming smoking cap, and Miss de Peyster who had found those beautiful ferns in the drive through the woods, and Mrs. Malcolm who had shown her husband that lovely view from a remote hill, and Miss Deblois herself who played whist so well that Arthur had been beguiled into playing long after midnight. They must have a rubber that very evening. It was evident that she knew all.

But she had her revenge. The devotion of Mr. Penrhyn to the crowd was nothing to the devotion now of the crowd to Mrs. Penrhyn. They might pity her while she was away, but when she was present she worked her own sweet will. No plans were made without consulting her, no entertainment was complete without her presence. One touch of her hand on the piano, and around it would gather old men, young men, collegians, professors, married men, widowers and bachelors, to say nothing of the troop of bright young girls who admired her as only young girls can admire.

And if Mr. Penrhyn had never concentrated his devotion upon, however unpardonable the amount of devotion he scattered generally, Mrs. Penrhyn, if she wanted revenge, had all she could attend to in the single hearted devotion of her greatest admirer. For there was one gentleman who seemed aware of little but Mrs. Penrhyn's presence. It was he who walked with her, drove with her, talked with her, listened to her, played for her on the piano, with her in tennis and against her at whist. If it were a solitary drive, she was the solitary lady who took it, and if it were a party, she it was who made up the party and decided what other ladies were to go. No other young married lady had ever "carried on" so before at Lawton's. It was he who suggested her shawl, went for the shawl, wrapped it around her shoulders, read to her, promenaded the piazza with her, took long strolls with her.

"She can't be promising to be a sister to him, of course," remarked Van Etten as the two came up the walk one day. "Looks very much as if she were promising to be a widow to him."

Nor did the attraction wear out in the least. It lasted till the very last moment, when Mrs. Penrhyn's trunks were all packed, and when her admirer drove her to the station and actually went with her to the city on the same train!

For this ardent admirer of Mrs. Penrhyn was Mr. Penrhyn, her husband.—Alice Willington Rollins in Pittsburg Bulletin.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892.



Republican Nominations.

NATIONAL

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

For Vice-President,
WHITELAW REID, of New York

STATE

Judge of the Supreme Court,
JOHN DEAN, Blair County

Congressmen-at-Large,
WILLIAM LILLY, Carbon County
ALEXANDER McDOWELL, Mercer County.

Congress,
IRVING P WANGER, Montgomery County

COUNTY TICKET

County Treasurer,
HENRY B BANES, Bristol.

Legislature,
HENRY G MOYER, Perkasie
NELSON V NAYLOR Doylestown
FRANK B WISE, Lower Makefield.

Coroner,
MAHLON CARVER, Solebury

County Surveyor,
JOHN V. OMMEREN, Quakertown

Director of the Poor,
JERESTON J FELL, Buckingham.

THE Democratic Sun of New York gives the Democratic New York World no peace. It slashes and scourges without mercy. It manifests no tenderness towards its neighbor, and in framing its denunciations it does not select words that are tempered with gentleness They are as harsh as a blacksmith's rasp. Speaking of the lawlessness at Buffalo the Sun says

"It is now apparent that the seed that was sown by the World and its accomplices in anarchy is to spring into a vast harvest of crime. The events of the last twenty-four hours at Buffalo and other railroad terminals have shown in what fertile soil the teachings of the World have taken root. Men dissatisfied with their wages, or with the system by which their labor was remunerated, have not been content with quitting work, they have set fire to the property of their late employers, hindred as far as they could the efforts of those who sought to extinguish the flames, derailed trains loaded with passengers, and murderously and brutally assaulted those who sought to procure employment in their places"

The Sun further says, fired with burning indignation, that "after inciting workmen to insurrection and anarchy, the scoundrelly World now deserts them, and cries out that the troops must be kept at Buffalo until they are "suppressed." This means that anarchy for revenue only has not proved as profitable as the World expected. It has turned out to be a losing business. Therefore that seditious paper turns upon its deluded victims and calls on the troops to shoot them down if they persist in following out the doctrines it has been preaching to them. Such is anarchy for revenue only!"

Here is another interesting morsel from the Sun

"For honest men and for Mr. Pulitzer, for the Anarchist as for his victims, there must be only one rule and one law as to murder "Thou shalt not kill!" Mr Pulitzer would like to have the Commandment amended so as to read "Thou shalt not kill or incite to killing, unless thou canst sell a morning World and an evening World thereby." Some of his victims in the labor unions would like to have it read "Thou shalt not kill, unless thou art a labor union man, and the man whom thou wouldst kill is an employer or a scab." But the old Commandment still exists"

Think of the leading Democratic paper of the country pursuing an editorial course that subjects it to such outpourings of wrath in the columns of another influential Democratic paper. Such things are well calculated to open the eyes of the people, and lead them seriously to contemplate the dangers that lurk like pent-up demons in the deliberate teachings of the leading Democratic journal of the land

IF THIS country should ever be stranded on the shoals and miseries of British free trade, it would be through the direct agency of the Democratic party. That party is bent upon the destruction of the tariff and the overthrow of the entire protective system.

If this country should ever be degraded to that financial condition which would follow the adoption of the free coinage of silver, it would be through the gates thrown open by the Democratic party. But for that party all hope would abandon the croakers for free silver.

Should the beneficent policy of reciprocity be abandoned, it will be due to the antagonism of the Democratic party, which stupidly brands reciprocity as a humbug.

Should the National banking system be destroyed and the country doomed to the dreaded perils of a new wild-cat-currency era, it would be the result of Democratic viciousness.

Should anarchy and pestilent socialism ever gain a permanent foothold on the soil of America, it will be through the sanctioning countenance of the Democratic party as prognosticated in the vile teachings of that leading Democratic organ, the New York World.

What would become of the prosperity of this country, its financial standing and integrity, its healthful foreign trade, its safe and convenient medium of exchange, its fidelity to law and its spirit of patriotism, should the current ideas of the Democratic party unhappily prevail? Shoot it down with ballots!

THE LAST NAPOLEON.

A NEW VIEW OF THE FRENCH RULER, WHO WAS AN ENIGMA.

The Personality of Napoleon III Was Difficult to Understand—His Character Is Hard to Estimate—His Reserve Forbade Penetration.

No story among the scores imbedded in that remarkable book, "An Englishman in Paris," a book now admitted to contain the reminiscences of Sir Richard Wallace, has interested us like his description of his first interview with Napoleon III The future emperor was then only a candidate for the presidency, and the men present—Cavaignac, Thiers, Lamartine and Victor Hugo—deceived by his weary manner and impenetrable look, and perhaps also by an instinctive dread or distaste, set him down either for an imbecile or a secret drunkard, an impression which spread fast and far through the diplomatists of Europe

Sir Richard, a keen observer who, though liable to dislikes, weighed the great personages of France in a careful balance, startled for a moment in his friends' impression, but after a few minutes' watchfulness decided that they were wrong "that Louis Napoleon was himself the drug, and that every one who came in contact with him was bound to yield to its influence" So strong was his impression that he evidently regretted in after life his failure to warn his political acquaintances but at the time he was restrained by the dread of ridicule Many years afterward, when Napoleon was firm upon his throne, minister after minister, diplomatist after diplomatist, after months, or it might be years, of intercourse with the new ruler of France, came to Sir Richard's opinion

Louis Napoleon was not only a very able man in certain directions—he was no administrator and a bad judge of men—but he was to a certain extent an original one with occasional flashes of insight, but he had in a high degree a quality which in a lower degree we believe to be common among men of certain kinds of ability, but which is seldom either described or discussed His presence positively lowered the intellectual force of those to whom he spoke, so that they talked and advised and above all planned, with less capacity than they naturally possessed That seems a strange thing to say, but every one who is at all observant will admit its converse—namely, that they know of men and women whose presence in a room, even if they are comparatively silent, definitely and perceptibly increases the intellectual brightness of all who are congregated there. The latter may hardly know the possessor of the influence, they may not be interested in his particular range of subjects, but they feel that they are at their best, and that it is somehow because of him, and this although they do not, it may be, attribute to him genius or any exceptional mental power

This force, for it amounts in some men to a force, is said to have been possessed to an amazing extent by the Marquis of Wellesley, and the writer has heard it attributed, among men more recently deceased, to Professor Palmer, whom, however, he did not personally know It is, we believe, the secret of much success in life and of many promotions which seem inexplicable to the outside world, but which are defended by all in personal contact with the promoted man, including those whom he has superseded As between individual and individual its strength is frequently quite amazing, and is commented on in the constant remark that So and so is nothing comparatively unless Such a one is by his side, So and so being all the while much the greater man We do not believe indeed that the fact will be denied, nor is it usually wondered at, the usual explanation, personal sympathy, being accepted as sufficient—it is not sufficient by any means, but that is not our subject just now—and if this exhilarating influence exists, why not its opposite?

The opposite is, however, rarely admitted frankly, except as regards the reaction of individuals The man is lucky who has never had a friend or kinsman whose presence he felt to be depressing, whom, though he might respect him or like him, or use him, he felt to be the source of some influence which depressed his own energy or keenness of perception, who was, in fact, Sir Richard Wallace's "opiate" incarnate in the flesh A man of that kind, whose influence extends to every one with whom he is brought in contact, is of course more seldom met with, but we are convinced as every intimate of Louis Napoleon was, that he exists, and to explain him is a most difficult intellectual problem Universal fear will of course explain him and does explain him in Prince Bismarck's case, whose colleagues, when he was in power, always seemed stupider in his presence, but these men do not always excite fear

Louis Napoleon frightened nobody, and was in no degree overbearing The man in ancient history who must have borne mentally the closest resemblance to him, Tiberius Cæsar, scattered death wholesale for moderate reasons, but Louis Napoleon was essentially kindly to all but suspected a sassins, pardoned grave errors with too much readiness, and was as completely without his great uncle's liability to outbursts of ungentlemanly violence as he was without his fascination He had not even a forbidding manner in the sense that Sir Robert Peel had a forbidding manner, nor in the long array of charges flung in memoirs at his head can we remember one of want of politeness

The dreary man, or rather, to coin a necessary word, the drearyfying man, is generally polite, and indeed, were he not, would in most men awaken instead of repressing intellectual power Anger misdirects force, but does not make it torpid, and it is torpifying influence which we are discussing now To allege want of "sympathy" is no explanation at all Nobody of the group assembled around Sir Richard Wallace was seeking sympathy from the expectant president, or complained in any way of its absence, and besides, if we comprehend the memoirs which refer to him, Louis Napoleon was not entirely unsympathetic, but usually sought from his interlocutors the light he did not get

Extreme cunning, when perceptible, undoubtedly slightly stupefies those who watch it because it throws them into the self defensive attitude which is a momentary form of egotism, but Louis Napoleon was not more cunning than a great many men who did not exercise his especial influence Cardinal Mazarin did not stupefy people or Louis XI, the embodiment of that quality Nor is extreme selfishness any sufficient clew, for the most perfectly selfish human being described in history, Louis XIV, is allowed by enemies as well as friends to have had a vivifying influence on all who could approach him close We do not believe in fact that any explanation meets the facts, or that any is necessary except the plain one—that there are men whose minds, so to speak, exude a mental opiate.—London Spectator.

RISKY PROSPECTING.

A MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A VEGETABLE OCTOPUS.

A Remarkable Experience in the Mountains of Hawaii—A Murderous Plant That Often Causes a Horrible Death. A Naturalist's Story.

In the latter part of the year 1867 I was commissioned by the Belgian government to find a certain rare wandering plant that was believed to grow on the higher slopes of Mauna Kea, a large extinct volcano situated in the northern part of Hawaii. I had a station built on one of the wooded slopes of the mountain, far away from any other habitation My only companion was a native who had lived all his life on this part of the island. About twice a month he would visit the seacoast to obtain needful supplies for our camp This native, who said that his ancestors were "big chiefs," whose bones lay secretly buried in caves on the mountain sides, was very old, although he could climb canyons and scale lava cliffs with wonderful agility,

During one of my botanizing excursions I passed by the mouth of a narrow canyon, or gorge, and I asked Pili, the old native, if he had ever explored the same. Pili suddenly became interested in his pipe and didn't know anything about the gulch and didn't understand what I said This was rather strange in Pili, for natives generally know every rock and tree in the section where they live, and I knew Pili was lying when he said he did not understand me

So naturally I determined to examine into the mysterious ravine Some time after this I was walking with Pili down a gentle slope when I saw a number of bones Pili stopped He walked back a few rods and sat down on a stump Not a word would he say I began examining the bones, and for two hours or more puzzled my brain over a problem as I had never done before. What I found was this

A circular area of about 100 yards in diameter, thickly covered with the bleached remains of birds, animals and human beings These ghastly relics were scattered among the shrubs and grass. The larger bones were near the center, in fact, I found that the bones became gradually smaller as I approached the periphery of this circular boneyard In the center of the circle was a well like opening in the ground, from which emmated a sickening odor No vegetation grew within fifty feet of this cavity How came this hole with its horrible stench? How came these bones here? How came they to be arranged about the central opening? These questions continually presented themselves, but they remained unanswered

A deep mystery seemed to hang over the spot. It was growing dark I heard Pili calling and hurried to him He pointed in terror to the center of the bone covered area A shadow was thrown on the scene by a rising bank of clouds But I declare that I saw rising from the pit a visible vapor, a column of visible fog or smoke or gas that was luminous Spellbound I gazed at the spectral column Near the ground it had the appearance of a phosphorescent flame and gradually became fainter as it ascended Your imagination will have to picture the unearthly phenomenon Pili pulled at my arm and in silence we left the spot, and we did not loiter by the wayside

As I was looking for a simple plant and not blood curdling manifestations, I was inclined to break camp and leave But by morning my nerves were in better order, and I went back to the scene of the evening adventure I could find no clew to the mystery and the matter gradually went out of mind as I prosecuted my labors

But I had occasion after a time to visit a spot near where I had seen the canyon about which Pili was so apparently ignorant One evening I made known my intention to Pili to return to the place and to explore the gorge.

"When?" said Pili

"In the morning," I replied

Without a word the old native arose from his mat on the floor and departed. He was gone all night He returned by sunrise, bearing on his shoulders a bundle When we reached the canyon he stopped and unpacked his load I saw a stone idol, curious in shape, he placed it on the ground and then took a small pig from his bundle Making a fire, he sprinkled something in the flames, muttered strange sounds and made symbols in the air with his fingers The animal offering was placed before the idol After he completed his strange rites he said that I might never come back, but he had done what he could to preserve my life He would wait until the going down of the sun, and then, if I did not come back, he would wait for me as did his fathers long, long ago when a son fell in battle Then he sat down, covered up his head and was silent

All this made me feel uncomfortable The natives of the Hawaiian islands are supposed to be Christianized, but in time of danger or trouble many often turn to the discarded gods of their fathers I knew Pili believed that great danger awaited any one who ascended the ravine But I went I had gone about a mile, when over the tops of tree ferns I saw a waving mass of sea green foliage undulating in the wind The object looked like a huge bunch of thick leaved seaweed, and the peculiar motion of the same arrested my attention I was now over 300 feet away from the curious object and hurried to obtain a closer view A wall of fern covered lava about ten feet high stopped my course Climbing up so that I just could see over the edge, I saw an object such as the eyes of civilized man never before beheld Imagine a bunch of seaweed about twelve feet high, the edge of each piece lined with fine streamers which radiated in all directions and trembled like fine wire spirals, the whole object moving like the fringes of a sea anemone

I was wearing a heavy felt hat with a wide brim, and I pushed it back from my forehead to get a better view As I moved my arm the strange object ceased quivering and every vibrating antenna or stream er pointed directly at me Just then my foot slipped from a jutting rock on which I was standing and I fell, but not before something cleaved the air with a horrible hissing noise and struck on my hat crown. I felt the force of a blow as I fell, and knew no more for a time I regained consciousness after a short time and lay in a partial stupor The wall above me was stripped of its verdure and I saw a long, sinewy, snakelike object writhing, twisting and curling on the rocks It had missed its prey, and a low, angry hum filled the air.—Honolulu Advertiser.

The Motto on the Coins.

The motto "E Pluribus Unum" has never been authorized by congress Its first appearance on a coin was in 1786 before the establishment of a United States mint At that time there was a private coining establishment at Newburg, N Y, and the well known motto was first inscribed upon a coin struck at that "mint" It was a copper coin of the value of about one penny, or something near two cents They are now very valuable, and but few coin collectors can boast of owning such rarities —Philadelphia Press

A Lesson in Speculation.

"Well," said a Detroit man who had gone south when the real estate craze was on, "I was down in Tennessee and Alabama for only six weeks and I came back with $25,000

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed a speculator. "How did you get it?"

"Took it with me," was the response, and the speculator caught on to the idea that a penny saved might be a penny earned —Detroit Free Press

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years with distressing pain over my eyes I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results Am apparently cured —Z C Warren, Rutland, Vt

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm It has worked like magic in its cure I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known —Samuel J Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St, New York.

Shiloh's Cough Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10c, 50c and $1 If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster Sold by Jno K Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Coughing Leads to Consumption

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, August 29, 1892

One of the hardest things our Dress Goods people have had to do this season has been to keep up with the call for Navy Blue Serge.

All Spring and Summer everybody has been wanting them, and the demand is as great now as ever. You'll hear almost everywhere that they're scarce. So they are—in most stores. You wouldn't mistrust it here. This is the way the list runs and plenty of each grade.

38-inch fine Twilled Serge at 50c.
36-inch heavy Twilled Cheviot Serge at 50c.
36 inch Chevron Serge at 50c.
38-inch Cheviot Serge at 65c.
40-inch fancy Diagonal Serge at 75c.
50-inch Cheviot Serge, in medium and wide twills, at $1.
54-inch Twilled Serge at $1 25. In two styles of twills.
54-inch Extra Twilled Serge at $1.50.
50-inch fancy Striped Serge at $1.25.

The French manufacturer meant these Corded Dress Crepes to sell at $1 25 a yard. They have sold at that, they would be so selling to-day but for one of those trade turns that so often brings the best to Wanamaker's at an upset price. 40-inch goods, Fall weight and in fourteen of the newest colors, at 50c a yard.

50c Camel's-Hair at 37½c is another centre of interest. Navy blue and black only.

The closer you examine the Women's Serge Suits at $7 the more absurdly little does the price appear. Seams double lapped, double silk stitched and bound with satin. Skirt hem turned up instead of being faced, darts turned in and well finished $12 wouldn't be out of the way for such a suit.

And the $10 Suit might well be $18. The quality of Serge and the half lining of Surah in the Coat give the extra value.

A dozen sorts of Women's Shoes at $2, $3, $4, that have been almost twice that. Tipped and plain, laced and buttoned Kid and of the best qualities All high cut and every size somewhere in the lot.

In the Women's Low Shoes at $2 are some that have been $3 and $4. Various kinds and colors as well as black.

Tennis and Outing Shoes that have been 90c to $7 are now 50c to $4. Men, Women, Children.

School days are close by and the boys, fresh from romping and rollicking, will very likely need Suit freshening for the study time. We are ready for them—from Kindergartners up.

All-wool Kilt Suits, 2½ to 6 years, $2 50—about half

Single-breasted Sack Coat Suit, 6 to 15 years, at $3 50 instead of $5—Black Cheviot

$1 25 All-wool Trousers, 4 to 14 years, 85c.

Four reminders from the Men's Clothing store.

Men's Black Diagonal Suits (Clay weave) flat binding, Sack or Cutaway Coat, at $15.
Cream Flannel Outing Coats, $4, $5, $6,
Trousers, $3, $3 50, $4, $5
White Duck Trousers, $1.25.
All-wool Trousers in neat patterns, $3, $3 50, $4, $5

Chautauqua Books, required for the course of 1892 and 1893, are now ready.

Grecian History By J R Joy,	90
Callias, an Historical Romance. By A J Church,	.90
The United States and Foreign Powers. By W E Curtis,	.90
Greek Architecture and Sculpture. Smith and Bedford,	45
Classic Greek Course in English. By Wm. C Wilkinson,	90
A Manual of Christian Evidences. By G. P Fisher,	.45

Volumes selling at 90c, when sent by mail are 10c extra. Volumes at 45c are 5c extra.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

SAMUEL W. BLACK,

DEALER IN

FINE ⁘ GROCERIES!

FRUITS

AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Spring.

All kinds of Seasonable Goods in our line constantly on hand.

Lawn Mowers, Fly Wire,
Door and Window Screen,

Ice-cream Freezers, Coolers, &c.

—AT THE—

NEW HARDWARE STORE,

Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

J. Quicksall & Son.

Albert Baker,

DEALER IN

ICE.

Orders for same Promptly attended to

BRISTOL, PA.

ICE COLD

Soda Water,

AS COLD AS YOU WANT IT,

At COLLINS',

No. 317 Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

Mount Holly FAIR



SEPTEMBER 12to 16 inclusive.

A GRAND EXHIBITION.

Science Art Agriculture Industry Horses Cattle Dogs, Poultry Something to interest everybody

Racing every day MYRTLE PEEK in her Wonderful Racing Combinations

The Finest Music

$20,000 IN PRIZES

Special attractions each day in front of Grand Stand

Valuable Special Premiums for Ladies

Special Prizes for Dogs Homing Pigeons, &c

Competition Open to all the World.

The Star event of the Season.

Remember the Dates.

CHASE'S 3 HORSE HEAD HORSE BLANKETS



are the strongest and best.

Chase's Plush Lap Robes

are the standard. The plush will not shed. All robes have the name Chase either woven in the binding or sewed on the corner.

FIRST-CLASS DEALERS WILL SELL NO OTHERS.

L. C. CHASE & CO., Boston, Mass.

Miscellaneous

A. F. Yeutter,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.

RADCLIFFE STREET,

Near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

Groceries

In Great Variety and CHEAP

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords.

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

Edward H. Foster,

The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

COAL

Highest Grades of

FAMILY FLOUR

FEED, ETC.

—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,

(Established 1837)

Walter F. Leedom,

529 to 535 Bath St.,

BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES WRIGHT,

BRISTOL, PA

The Largest and Best Selected stock in Bristol of

Dress Goods, Linings, Trimmings and Notions A full line of

CARPETS,

Embracing Moquettes, Wiltons, Velvets, Brussels, Tapastries & Ingrains.

Mattings, Linoleums, Oil-cloth, (table and floor)

Groceries, Crockery and Queensware in variety

Agent for Standard Dress Patterns.

Radcliffe and Market Sts.

Angus York,

Contractor and Builder,

Cor. Cedar and Mulberry Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA

HOUSES FOR SALE

ON EASY TERMS

HOUSES built to order.

☞ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

The most extensive growers and retailers of Plants in eastern Pennsylvania. Nearly two acres. Solid in Pot and Flower Plants. More than we ever had before. More than all the florists in Bucks county. Our Plants the best and cheapest. An examination of stock and prices will convince you. Flower Beds prepared and filled. Gardening in all its branches.

Our Cut Flower Department produces the best Boquets and Designs of every description, cheapest and best. Tomato, Egg, Pepper and Celery plants for sale. The largest and oldest Florist Establishment in Bucks county.

DeWitt Bros.,

Pond St., above Walnut,

Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

AT LIPPINCOTT'S

SOMETHING NEW!

TRULY THE WOMANS FRIEND.

The Augite Stove Mat.

Food of any kind when cooked on this MAT does not require stirring, and will not scorch or burn.

DIRECTIONS—Before using FIRST time, place on hot stove for ten minutes ☞One of the greatest discoveries of the age No stirring for oat meal, rice, custards, blanch mange, jellies, butters, catsups, apple or other sauces, etc In fact nothing will burn on it Coffee or milk will not boil over if cooked on this MAT TRY IT and be convinced. Bread will toast nicely on it. For sale at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St, Bristol.

Hard to Beat.

The New Improved——

Philadelphia Washer,

ANTI-FRICTION MOVEMENT

With Drop Rack for Tub



The New Improved **Philadelphia Washing Machine**, (made by the Restein Manufacturing Company) of Philadelphia, is the best, easiest, quickest and most noiseless machine ever offered to the public for its cleansing power, and wherever sold gives universal satisfaction.

It is truly

Housekeeper's Friend.

What is Claimed for It.

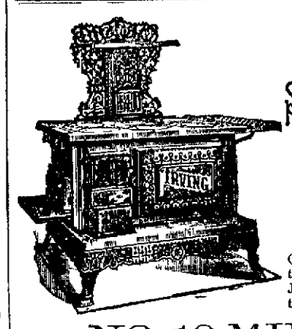
It will wash perfectly clean the finest fabrics as well as the coarsest of clothes It is the only machine that will wash wristbands, collars, neckbands and stockings, and the only machine that will turn the sleeves and the garments inside out without the aid of the hand Use judgment and use me right and I will make them white

A trial free of charge will give you a knowledge of its genuine merits

These machines can be seen at the Bristol Cash Grocery, 329 Walnut Street, Bristol

J. Curtis Howell, Agent

For the RESTEIN Manufacturing Co. for Bristol and surrounding country



Lewis J. Bevan,

DEALER IN

Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove Tin Roofing a Specialty Custom work done in tin, sheet iron copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly Stove repairs of all kinds

NO. 10 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Large and Varied Stock!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered. Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.

T. A. FARLEY.

Smithin C. Shuttleworth's

Media Academy.

Media, Pa., near Philada. School Opens Sept. 24th. Yearly Expense, $500. Circulars Free.

JAMES H MASON KNOX D D LL D President of Lafayette College writes—Mr SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his faithfulness and skill as an instructor I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation

CHAS A SCHAEFFER, Dean of Cornell University, N Y, writes—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such I am very sincerely yours

DR WILLIAM PEPPER Provost of the University of Pennsylvania writes—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania shows that your school affords every opportunity to those studies a desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade

REV JAMES McCOSH Ex President of Princeton University writes—I have examined with [illegible] the courses of studies pursued at SHUTTLEDGE'S SCHOOL at Media Pa and find it to be admirable Mr SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of fine boys well prepared

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard University writes—You have supplied us with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in presenting young men so well fitted and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50¢

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

J. W. McBride,

DEALER IN

Fine ⁘ Groceries!

BUTTER and CHEESE
From the Best Dairies

CANNED GOODS in Variety

Goods Delivered Promptly

Corner Wood and Dorrance Streets,

BRISTOL, PA.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between William Alloway and B O Ettenger was dissolved this day by mutual consent.

WILLIAM ALLOWAY,
B. O. ETTENGER.

Bristol, Pa, July 30, 1892

Wm. M. Downing, Jr.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FLOUR!

FEED, GRAIN, SEEDS,

BALED HAY, &c.

All goods sold at lowest cash prices. Try the celebrated Climax Flour.

☞Orders delivered promptly in all parts of the town.

Nos. 314 & 316 Mill St.,

BRISTOL, PA.

GEO. W. LOUDERBOUGH,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.

Residence, No. 68 Bath Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7 00, 10 45 A M, 3 15, 7.08 P M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 11 30 A. M, 4.00, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7 45, 10 00 A M, 1 40, 4 40, 7 30 P. M Closes at 6 00, 10 00 A. M., 10, 4 30 P M.

NEW PORTVILLE—Arrives at 8 00 A. M and leaves at 8.08 A M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A M. Close at 11 15 A M

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10 45, A. M, 12, 7 30 P M Closes at 7 00, 10 00 A M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10 45 A. M, 3 30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A M, 4 00 P. M

TRENTON—Arrives at 7 00, 10 00 A M, 3.30, 7 45 P. M. Leaves at 7 00, 8 45 A M, 4.00 and 6 45 P. M

WESTERN—Arrives at 7 45, 10 00 A M

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post office closes 8 00 P M Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A M

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St) *2 46, 5.35, 6 30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.23, * 9.14, * 9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12 07, 1 01, *1 34, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9 00, *9 19, *10 26, A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.05, 5 43, *7.21, 7.30, *8 51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M

Leave Phila. (Broad St) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1 10, 1.50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.01, 6 21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10 28, 11 31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7 40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.19, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

Delaware River Transportation Company.

Increased Steam Boat Service Between Bristol and Philadelphia.



Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner and Twilight

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 7 00, 7 15 10 00 and 11 40 A M 2 4 and 5 P M

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 7 30, 9.30 and 11 15 A M 2, 3, 4.30 and 6 P M.

SUNDAYS—Leave Bristol at 8 15, 10.30 A M. 4 and 5 P M

Leave Philadelphia at 8.30 A M. 2 00, 2 30 and 6 00 P M

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bordentown at 7 00 A. M, Penns Manor 7.20, Florence 7 40, Tullytown 7 50, Bristol 8 15 and Edgington 8 40 for Philadelphia Returning, leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 3 00 P. M Sundays—Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 9 a m. Leave Phila. for Bristol at 5 30 p. m Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—The public schools of Bristol will re open on Tuesday next.

—The work of putting Bath street in good order has been begun.

—St. Mark's church picnic at Beverly Park, on Saturday, September 3.

—The steamboat Florence was disabled on her trip to Philadelphia, last Monday, and was laid up for several days

—Next Monday being Labor Day, and a legal holiday, the Farmers' National Bank and the Bristol Library will not be open for business.

—H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73, G. A. R, will give a supper in the Post rooms, on Saturday evening next. A good repast will be served from 5 to 10 o'clock.

—The Democratic conferees of the Seventh Congressional District met at Lansdale, last Thursday morning, and re-nominated Edwin Hallowell for Congress.

—The Liberty Cornet Band of Bristol, will give a moonlight excursion down the Delaware, on Friday evening, September 9, on the steamer Twilight, at 8 00 o'clock sharp.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, September 1, 1892. F. B. Amann—2, Miss M. M J. Bowles, Mr James Fergerson, John Flannigan, Miss Ida Goslin, Mr. Mahlon Hawkins, Mrs. J. C. Jackson, R. W. Kelly, Elmer Murray, Mrs. Alice Nelson, Mr Edward Sceal, Mr. Thomas H. Stackhouse, Miss Mary St. Clair, Mrs. Annie Walls.

—Amos S. Brelsford, a young man of 25 years, residing on Market street, and employed as a watchman on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Fortieth street, Philadelphia, was struck on Tuesday night by a drilling engine and had an arm cut off and was otherwise fatally injured. He was taken to the Presbyterian hospital and died yesterday. About a year ago he met with an accident at Mantua and lost an arm.

—At an adjourned meeting of Council last night the bonds of Barbour & Ireland, contractors, for the improvement of Bath street, were approved. The matter of the unpaid duplicate was referred to the Finance committee who were empowered to appoint a collector subject to the approval of Council. A communication from Wright & DeGroot offering an alley extending from Wood street to Jefferson Ave, back of Pond street, to the Borough, was referred to the Finance committee, with instructions to report an ordinance accepting the same. A petition from several persons on Lafayette street asking for a grade, was referred to the Street committee with power. A petition from T. S. Cornell asking for privilege to erect an awning in front of his property, was referred to the Street committee.

IN VIEW of the fact that the cholera has reached New York harbor, it is necessary that proper precautions should be taken to prevent its spread. It wouldn't hurt Bristol a bit to clean up. The Sanitary committee of Council would be doing a good work if it would immediately see that the streets and alleys in the borough were put in proper sanitary condition. Gutters should be cleaned, all places where stagnant water remains should be wiped out, and filth wherever found should be removed. It is not likely we will have any cholera here, but the way to prevent it is to be prepared for its coming There are several places in the borough that need attention. A house on upper Radcliffe street, near the Whelan Home, inhabited by Russian Jews is complained of as being in a filthy condition. The waste water and refuse on the premises are said to breed a fearful stench. That nuisance should be abated All housekeepers should put their premises in good condition. Cleanliness and health go hand in hand, Other diseases beside cholera are filth diseases. A town is kept healthy by being kept clean.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. H. A. Bailey is at Ocean Grove.

Miss Julia Slack is the guest of Mrs. Harold Peirce, at Germantown.

J M C. Valentine has returned home from a few day's visit to New York.

Burnet Landreth, Jr., left on Saturday, on an extended business trip through the West.

Mrs. Robert Beck is booked at the Guy House, Asbury Park, for the month of September.

Rev. W. H. Clipman, who has been spending his vacation at Lewisburg, Pa., has returned home.

Rev. and Mrs. Decker, of Albany, N. Y, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Buckman over Sunday.

Charles Steel and family have taken the house on Jefferson Avenue, lately occupied by Joseph S. Peirce.

Mrs. Samuel Lee, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Mrs. William H. Grundy for several days this week.

Elwood Burton, wife and daughter Lillian, have returned from Atlantic City where they spent a week at the "Shelburne"

Mr. and Mrs Joseph Stetson, of Philadelphia, who have been spending the month of August in Bristol, have returned home.

Clement R. Troth and family, who have been residing on Jefferson Ave for several years, left yesterday to live in Germantown.

Miss Anna M. Beck has returned home from a few day's visit to Philadelphia, where she was the guest of Miss Amanda Martz

Mr and Mrs. Edward Phillips and family, who have been spending the summer in Bristol, left this morning for their home in New York.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Bucks county met in convention at Doylestown, on last Saturday, to nominate a ticket for the coming election D. R. Williamson, Esq., of Durham, was named as permanent chairman and the secretaries of the standing committee, Wesley Haldeman and Wm. F. Kelly, Jr., were made secretaries of the convention James Flack, Doylestown, Dr. Joseph Thomas, Quakertown; John L. Kulp, Bedminster; George C. Blackfan, Newtown borough; George M. Garner, Doylestown township; Henry Kratz, Plumstead, R. B. Kelly, Bristol borough, and Alonzo Nicholas, Nockamixon, were named for vice presidents. Sixty-five districts were represented. Nominations were made for the various offices and one ballot sufficed to settle the result. The Legislative ticked selected was Henry G. Moyer, Perkasie; Nelson V. Naylor, Doylestown, Frank B. West, Lower Makefield. County Treasurer, Henry B. Banes, Bristol borough. Coroner, Mahlon Carver, Solebury, County Surveyor, John V. Ommeron, Quakertown. Director of the Poor, Preston J Fell, Buckingham.

The resolutions indorsed the administration of President Harrison, "commends his record to our fellow citizens of all beliefs as one of the best and most typically American of any chief executive the country has known;" indorse the Republican State ticket, the nomination of Irving P. Wanger as a candidate for Congress, condemns the Democratic Board of Commissioners of Bucks county for the extravagance which the Grand Jury of January term found.

Irving P. Wanger, candidate for Congress, who was loudly called for, appeared and thanked his fellow-citizens for their hearty support.

PROHIBITIONISTS' CONVENTION.

The Prohibition County Convention to place in nomination a county ticket met in Pineville on Monday. Charles Mason was the Chairman. After the appointment of the various committees the Convention put in nomination a ticket as follows:

County treasurer, T. Newlin Ely, Upper Makefield. Assemblymen, Joseph Roberts, Lower Makefield; Dr. David L. Barber, Upper Makefield; Harry A. Heft, Springfield. Director of the Poor, David Ruth, Springfield. Coroner, Edward A. Woodman, Wrightstown. Surveyor, William Smith, Northampton.

The convention endorsed the nomination made by Montgomery county, of William S. Essick, for Congressman.

THE official statement of the head of the Government Bureau of Statistics giving the results of a comparison of the foreign trade of this country under the old and new tariffs is attracting a good deal of attention Summarized, some of the leading results of this comparison are as follows: First, the revenue has been reduced $51,367,650; second, there has been an increase in the total value of our commerce of $210,540,510, as compared with 1890, and an increase of $400,357,534 over the annual average of the ten years prior to 1891, third, in 1892 the exports for the first time in our history exceeded a billion dollars, being $1,030,278,030, which was $172,449,346 more than in 1890, and $265,142,533 in excess of the average annual value of exports for ten years previous to 1891, fourth, the increase in exports of cotton over 1890 was $7,492,449 and $36,772,912 over the annual average for ten years; fifth, the exports of breadstuffs for 1892 exceeded the value of the same exports in 1890 by the sum of $144,437,190, and exceeded the average annual value for the ten years prior to 1891 by the sum of $131,206,224, sixth, the value of the exports of provisions in 1892 exceeded the value of like exports in 1890, $4,097,653, and the average annual value for the ten years prior to 1891 by the sum of $27,703,532; seventh, the exports of cattle, sheep, and hogs in 1892 exceedid the value of like exports during 1890 by the sum of $3,211,031, and exceeded the average annual value of the same exports for the ten years prior to 1891 by the sum of $20,283,071, eighth, the combined value of exports of cotton, breadstuffs, provisions, cattle, sheep and hogs, all classed as agricultural products of 1892, exceeded the exports of 1890 by the sum of $159,238,328, and exceeded the average annual value of the ten years mentioned by the sum of $215,965,639, ninth, the exports of all other products in 1892 exceeded those of 1890 by the sum of $11,199,860, and exceeded the average annual value of such exports for the ten years prior to 1891 by the sum of $49,420,063.

THE TWO SERPENTS.

The Democratic party chiefly resides in the South. The Democrats of the South have always been favorable to British free trade They have never evinced a burning anxiety to protect American industry through the agency of tariff laws, or to dignify American labor by showing it any sympathy. The hardened hands of toil have never won their compassion. Formerly they were wont to characterize laboring men and women as the "mud-sills of society." They are ever ready to fasten upon the country an economic policy which cannot fail to undermine wage-earning conditions. They would make it possible for foreign competition to cripple our manufacturing industries, or compel them to assure their preservation through the necessity of lowering wages to the European standard.

Then, again, the Southern portion of the Democratic party is permeated through and through with the free silver epidemic. The people down there have never manifested a very lively regard in behalf of the National credit. They are as ready to debase the currency as to degrade labor Their patriotic sense is seldom troubled by any great concern about the stability of business or the healthful flow of trade. They once attempted in phrensied desperation to destroy the national life through the agency of bullets and swords and cannon-balls, and if they had their way wholly unopposed, they would not hesitate a single moment to place the country on a Free Trade and Free Silver basis, regardless of financial integrity, or the widespread ruin that would follow. But for the South, these two cardinal objects of Democratic desire would have no show whatever. They would be relegated to the same limbo that enlightened wisdom reserves for the dispatch of the whimsical crudities that make the third party ridiculous.

There are thousands of northern Democrats who have no love for free trade There are tens of thousands who are far too honest to yield submissively to the free-silver craze How terribly galling it must be to these to consider that their allies of the South—allies that they will always need while there is a Democratic party in existence—are so completely wedded to dangers which they dread and repudiate. They are as much in bondage to those essential allies, which practically dominate the party, as ever were their helpless slaves in the era that preceded the war. They are compelled to bear the odium of seeming to countenance things which they abhor. What a a humiliating spectacle it is!

The Republican party will try to give them consolation. That party is the open and pronounced foe of free trade and free silver. It is actuated by the mighty purpose of foiling these two dangerous serpents, which are warmed in the bosom of the Democratic party, and preventing them from folding their destructive coils about the Nation's limbs, or striking their deadly fangs into the Nation's heart.

To Fool the Horse.

"Why does a women wear a tall silk hat when she rides on horseback?" asked Jones the other day.

"So that the horse may believe she is a man and be frightened of her," replied Brown, who has carefully studied the subject.—Exchange.

ALL ARE INTERESTED.

The "revenue reformers" are fond of saying that certain skilled workers, such as carpenters, masons, etc, receive no benefit from protection, that they belong to the "unprotected industries," that the only effect which the tariff has upon them is to increase the cost of living. Is this a fair presentation of the case? Clearly not. The prosperity of this class of skilled workers is very closely interwoven with the prosperity of the "protected" callings. This can readily be seen by the slightest examination in any city. The vast buildings erected by banks, railroad companies, mercantile companies and firms and newspapers, and the interminable rows of private dwellings, which give the carpenter, the mason and those engaged in any of the building trades employment, are constructed mainly from the profits of protected manufacturers and the distribution of their product The dwellings are the homes of men employed in these protected manufactures These so-called "unprotected" building trades have a very important stake in the continued thrift of our much abused and frequently vilified manufacturers. The wages and salaries of all those who are classed as "mere consumers" in the easy phraseology of the free traders, are dependent in a very strict sense upon the same source. Labor of any sort is of little value and poorly paid in a community where there is no capital, and one of the great fountains of accumulated capital is our protected manufactories. Even the "reform" newspapers derive a very handsome revenue from the advertising patronage of the "robber tariff" barons, and those employed in distributing their goods to the buyer. —Germantown Telegraph.

THE annual report of Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of Labor of New York, makes public some highly interesting facts which we would be pleased to have every Democrat in Bristol who is opposed to the McKinley bill to ponder over. As Bristol owes its prosperity to the factories inside its borders every public spirited citizen feels that that policy which gives the most stability to them, which adds to the wages of the employees, and which gives them steady employment is the policy for him to adopt. The report says:

"The period covered by investigation includes the year immediately prior to the enactment of what is termed the 'McKinley bill,' and the year immediately following its becoming a law. That is, the data upon which the report has been made was for the year commencing September 1, 1889, up to and including August 31, 1890, and the year commencing September 1, 1890, up to and including August 31, 1891 The methods employed to secure the necessary data were almost entirely those of the blank system. It was not the original purpose, nor is it now pretended, that the data and statistics presented present any but purely wholesale manufacturing establishments. Some 8,000 blanks were addressed and mailed to as many separate establishments throughout the State, and of this number 6,000, or 75 per cent, were returned—fully and correctly answered. An analysis of this table demonstrates the interesting fact that of the 67 industries covered 77 per cent. of them show an increase either of the wages or product, or both, and that there were no less than 89,717 instances of individual increases of wages during the same year. Of the 67 industries included 75 per cent. of them show an increased average yearly earning in the year 1891, while the total average increase of yearly earnings of the 285,000 employees was $23 11. The average increase of yearly earnings of the employees in the 51 trades showing an increase was $43 96 in 1891 as compared with 1890. "In addition to the investigation of this special subject the bureau has continued its annual investigation of all labor disturbances occurring in the State during the past year The total number of strikes reported for the year 1891 was 4,519, as against 6,258 occurring in the year 1890, a decrease of 1,739."

A NUMBER of our esteemed Democratic cotemporaries find pleasure in alleging that the tin-plate manufactories of this country are failures. Of course the wish is father to the assertion, but that does not make their statements true. Tin plate has to be made somewhere to supply the demand. It appears that in Wales, the great centre of the tin-plate industry, that the trade is very languishing. The following dispatch from London tells the story:

LONDON, Aug. 28.—Several Welsh tin plate manufacturers closed their works on Saturday. Sixty works are now closed and 10,000 hands are idle. Many sailed on Saturday to find employment in America.

The closing of the works in Wales and the emigration of the workmen to America doesn't look as if the manufacture of tin in this country was much of a failure.

IT IS said that "the solid South will fight out its own frauds." That implies a Herculean task, and it does not inspire one with hope. The canker is too deep; the infection is too widespread; the malady is too pervading and sweeps like a permanent contagion through endless ramifications. In the South political fraud is a perpetual habit, and it has fastened itself on that section as permanently as the spots lie on the skin of a leopard.

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.

BASE BALL.

The Wynnewood club came to Bristol, last Thursday, and defeated "our boys" by the score of 1 to 0. The features of the game were the pitching of J. Coleman, the batting of J. Smith, and the fine work of Humphries, R. Coleman, Richert and Potts for Bristol, while Massey, Hall, J. Daily, Knox and Kapple carried off the honors for Wynnewood. The score.

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Humphries, ss	0	1	3	3	1
J. Smith, cf.	0	2	1	0	0
Mahan, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Potts, c.	0	1	6	0	0
Richert, 1b	0	1	9	1	0
R. Coleman, lf.	0	0	3	0	0
F. Smith, 3b.	0	0	1	1	1
McDonnell, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
J. Coleman, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Totals,	0	6	24	10	2

WYNNEWOOD.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
O'Hara, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Hall, ss.	0	0	1	5	1
J. Daily, 2b	1	1	4	1	1
Massey, c.	0	1	5	3	0
Knox, 1b.	0	1	12	0	1
Kapple, 3b.	0	0	4	3	0
Grady, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
M. Daily, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Toman, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals,	1	4	27	14	3

INNINGS.

Bristol,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wynnewood,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	x-1

Two-base hits—J. Smith, 2. Sacrifice hits—Bristol, 3; Wynnewood, 1. Struck out—by J. Coleman, 5; by Toman, 3. Bases on balls—off J. Coleman, 4; off Toman, 7. Hit by pitched ball—J. Smith, Knox Umpire—Byers. Time—1.45.

The Bristol club went to Burlington, last Saturday, and played the fourth game of the series, the Burlington club winning by the score of 3 to 2. Considering that Bristol was without the aid of Richert and John Coleman, they put up a good game. The features of the game were the pitching of Smith, the playing of Potts, Mahan, R. Coleman, Hoeding and McDonnell for Bristol, and the pitching of Bauswine, the catching of Barckley, and the fine work of Gibson, Kapple, Clark and Verga for Burlington. The games now stand two for Burlington, one for Bristol, and one game resulted in a tie. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL

	E.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Humphries, ss.	0	0	1	2	0
J. Smith, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Mahan, 1b	1	1	8	0	1
Potts, c.	1	1	5	0	0
R Coleman, lf.	0	0	5	0	0
Hoeding, 3b.	0	1	0	3	1
McDonnell, 2b.	0	1	2	4	1
J. Coleman, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Hibbs, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Totals,	2	5	24	11	4

BURLINGTON.

	R.	H	O.	A.	E.
Kapple, 3b.	1	1	1	5	0
Clark, ss.	0	1	2	0	0
Barckley, c.	1	2	10	1	0
West, lf.	0	0	1	0	1
Gibson, 1b.	1	0	10	0	1
Thompson, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Verga, 2b.	0	1	2	3	1
Bauswine, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Atkinson, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	3	5	27	11	4

INNINGS

Bristol,	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0-2
Burlington,	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	x-3

Two base hits—Clark, Mahan Bases stolen—Humphries, Barckley, Thompson. Struck out—by Smith, 2, by Bauswine, 9. Bases on balls—Smith, Verga. Wild throws—Smith. Wild pitch—Bauswine. Passed balls—Barckley, 1. Umpire—M. Atkinson. Time—1,45.

Mahan is playing good ball.

Potts is doing some good work for Bristol.

The A. C. S. N. play here on September 17

R. Coleman played an excellent game on Saturday.

Manager Smith has taken the GAZETTE'S advice and arranged a game with the Oxford club for September 10. This club is one of the strongest semi-professional clubs in the State, and the public should give them a warm reception by a large attendance.

Bristol plays the Cuban Giants on Saturday. The following is the batting order and positions.

Grant, 3b	Jackson, c or f.
Frye, 1b.	Penno, lf.
Williams, c.	Nelson, 2b
Harrison, ss.	Douglass, p or f.
Boyd, cf.	Whyte, p. or f.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Services at the Baptist church, corner Walnut and Cedar Sts, Sunday, September 4th, as follows: At 10.30 sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. H Clipman; subject, "The Desire of the True Christian." At the close of the sermon the Lord's Supper will be observed. 7.45 P. M. preaching by the pastor; subject, "The Perfected Life." Sunday-school at 2 P. M.

Young People's Union on Tuesday evening, at 8.00 o'clock, topic, "A Branded Slave;" leader, B. O. Ettenger. Regular prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, topic, "Joy Restored," conducted by the pastor. A hearty invitation extended to all the services.

—Nancy Hanks, the queen of horsedom, lowered her record yesterday by trotting a mile on a kite-shaped track at Independence, Iowa, in the unprecedented time of 2.05¼.

These who believe that Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose

—You want to paint your house—you want to change the color of it. You are not satisfied with the way the paint you used lasted. You think it ought to have stood a year longer. come to us, we can show you the colors made by the Chilton Manuf. Co. and they include every color and shade that can be used to advantage. As to the durability of the Chilton Paints, there is only one way—the experience of those who have used them. We know who they are and will tell you. But we can say now that you will find only one opinion expressed—perfect satisfaction. A pure linseed oil paint, full measure given, placed on the market solely upon its merits, has gained enough friends among those who have used it to need but very little recommendation from the dealer who sells it. Chilton Paint Co., New York or Boston,

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made Hats, from 40 cts to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3 00 per suit, and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c, to run the risk and do nothing for it We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once Mothers, do not be without it For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster Sold by Jno. K Young, 567 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞For beautiful sets of teeth, gold and silver fillings, go to

DR. ELLA R. SHINN,
DENTIST,
No. 50 Bath Street, Bristol,

We place, securely, gold and pivot crowns on roots making them as good as new My motto "The best work for the most reasonable prices."

Dr. T. S Heineken, of Burlington, N. J. will be at the office on Wednesday mornings to extract teeth without pain, using his own preparation for numbing the gums

☞S. T. Valentine, the well known sign painter, at No. 53 Radcliffe street, is now prepared to put the new numbers on dwellings and business houses, from a fancy gold number on the transom to a cheap one on tin. All work done at the lowest possible prices. Samples furnished.

SUGGESTION FOR THE SUMMER TRIP.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska

The trip is made with the highest degree of comfort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carry dining cars and luxurious Pullman sleeping cars from Chicago, St Paul and Minneapolis to Montana and the Pacific coast, without change, and special Pullman sleepers from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park.

The scenery en route is the most magnificent to be found in the seven states through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow each other in rapid succession to delight the tourist, who will also find interest in the agricultural, mining, lumbering, industrial and other interests associated with the development of the great Northwest

The crowning glory of the trip through the Northwest, however, is the visit to Yellowstone Park, the land of hot springs, geysers and gorgeous canons, and to Alaska with its endless ocean channels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and giant glaciers.

If you wish to investigate this suggestion further send to Charles S Fee, General Passenger Agent, N P. R. R, St Paul, Minn, for copies of the handsomely illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders.



Patrolman Julius Zeidler

Of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for dizziness and indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also take it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for **That Tired Feeling.** I cheerfully recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and Hood's Pills to every one who wishes to have health and comfort." Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.

How Unpleasant

it is to see a beautiful child's face disfigured with vile humors, bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches and sores, and sadder still, when the young and innocent are laughed at and twitted in all such cases. Parents should give them that good and pure remedy, Sulphur Bitters, which will search and drive out of the blood every particle of humor.—Health Gazette.

The Boston Star

says Dr Kaufmann's great book on diseases, its causes and home cure, with fine colored plates, is the best work ever published. A copy will be sent free to anybody who sends three 2-cent stamps, to pay postage, to A. P Ordway & Co, Boston, Mass.

Will it be Peace or War?

They are at it yet, hammer and tongs, so say the Fidelity Wall Paper Co of 12 N. 11th St, Phila. While it lasts they will be in position to give the public a chance to buy cheap Their embossed papers are "world beaters." Send four two cent stamps for samples.

Miscellaneous

FOR SALE.

GRACE McLAUGHLIN'S PROPERTY on Spruce Street.

FOR SALE.

A NICE HORSE, about 11 years old, good worker and driver Sold for want of use WM MUNCE, Sr., No 6 Maple St., above Otter St.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN

Will Re-open September 26th, 1892

A. N. IREDELL,

Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA

We have taken the Bull by the horns on Fall Clothing, and have a clear field on Light Overcoats and Novelties in Children's wear.

Considering the excellent quality of goods, our prices are astonishingly low.

A. C. Yates & Co.

Cor. 13th and Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Wm. H. J. Wilson

Will Re-open his

Dancing Academy

Thursday Evening, Sept. 15th.

New Dances taught. Private lessons given at any hour.

Apply for terms, etc., at

W. H. J. Wilson's

MUSIC & STATIONERY STORE

Mill and Cedar Streets,

BRISTOL, PA.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

2d year of the most successful Quarterly ever published

More than 3,000 LEADING NEWSPAPERS in North America have complimented this publication during its first year, and universally concede that its numbers afford the brightest and most entertaining reading that can be had.

Published 1st day of September, December, March and June.

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☞This brilliant Quarterly is *not* made up from the *current* year's issues of TOWN TOPICS, but contains the best stories, sketches, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc, from the *back numbers* of that unique journal, admittedly the crispest, raciest, most complete, and to all MEN AND WOMEN the most interesting weekly ever issued.

Subscription Price:

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Tales from Town Topics, per year, 2 00
The two clubbed, - - - 5.00

TOWN TOPICS sent 3 months on trial for $1.00.

N B—Previous Nos of "TALES" will be promptly forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents each.

MISS ANNA W CABEEN and SISTERS will re-open their School,

Monday, September 26th, 1892

Primary, Middle and Advanced Classes.

FOR RENT.

$12 per month. Brick house on Mulberry street. Apply to WM. E. LAING

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, trading under the firm name of Joseph N. Brelsford & Bro., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent All creditors are requested to present their claims against said late firm for settlement to Joseph N. Brelsford, liquidating partner, and those owing bills to said late firm will please make immediate payment to said Joseph N Brelsford

JOSEPH N. BRELSFORD,
ELLWOOD D. BRELSFORD.

August 17, 1892.

☞The business as undertaker will be carried on at the same place by Jos. N. Brelsford

E. M. Eldridge's

Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts.,

IS THE PLACE FOR

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Try a can of Roast Beef, (A Luxury,) Twenty cents a can.

When in need of goods in my line, I will be pleased to fill you a trial order.

Our Motto:

"Good Goods — Low Prices."

Miscellaneous

S. W. GROFF,

DEALER IN

Fine - Groceries,

PROVISIONS, MEATS,

Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc.

45 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY!

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Upholstering and Repairing

OF FURNITURE of all kinds

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, features renovated by steam

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office,

BRISTOL, PA.

A New Industry.

The undersigned are prepared to undertake all kinds of Electro-Plating in Nickel, Silver and Gold. Also, Electric Bell Work of every description.

ARDREY BROS.,

For Street.

WILLIAM GRACE,

18 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

WALL PAPERS.
Best Selection in the county, at Lowest Market Prices

WINDOW SHADES.
A full stock ready-made and made to order.

PAPER HANGING a Specialty.

Headquarters for French Tissue Papers.



Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry.

The old established Jewelry Store, S. E Corner Market and 18th Sts, Philadelphia, has been reopened by

FORSYTH & HOFFMAN,

Practical Watchmakers and Jewelers,

Personal Attention.
Moderate Prices.

S. E. Cor. Market & 18th Sts.

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Rogers Bros A No. 1 Silver-Plated Ware, 8-Day Clocks in Walnut, Oak and Black Enamel Wood, $4 to $10.

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line. Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SHADOW LINES.

What time the brooding dark around you falls,
Save only as the lamp's shade softened light
Burn through it, but without dispelling quite,
Trembling along the dim and shadowy walls,
What fleeting spirit of the evening calls?
What song comes stealing to you through the night
Along the vista of brave fancy's flight?
What story steals from old romance's halls?

I cannot fathom what these things to you
May bring, nor what sad thoughts to you belong,
Nor know I whether rosemary or rue
Awaits you here or there the path is long,
And some things must be false and some be true,
And sad strains must be woven in the song
—Meredith Nicholson in New York Sun

HENHAWK'S FORTUNE

Hen Hawk was in great spirits He had been fairly bubbling over with good humor for two weeks, and every day added to his cheerfulness Only ten days more and then for the States

We of the "L bar," who had known him for two years almost, were at a loss to account for this sudden rise in Hen's mental temperature, and probably showed it In deed there were several of the boys who hinted that an explanation from him would be gratefully received by his curiosity beset colaborers, but Hen would merely grin a broad, broad grin and say nothing But just ten days before Thanksgiving he let the secret out

"Boys," said he, in a muffled voice caused by the presence of a knifeload of potato in his mouth, "I'm goin back t' th' States

Open eyed astonishment all around the breakfast table

"That's what, boys I'm goin right after Thanksgivin tew"

"The dooce, ye say! Must've lost a rich r'lation 'r b'en doin a little rustlin on th' side Now I think of 't, they was some talk 'bout thar bein some inside 'sistance t' th' Baldy Stites gang w'en they honored this hyar vicinity wi' th'r 'tentions last year," volunteered "Red" Posey.

Hen having joined liberally in the smiles that followed this remark, went on

"I cast th' insinerations back intuh th' teeth of th' red nosed gent wi' th' fragrant name No, sir, 'tain't neither one n'r t'other Mebbe 'fore I go I'll tell ye—an' mebbe I won't"

And Mr Hawkins again smiled, knowing that the boys would suffer immeasurably until they knew whence came the "stake" on which he was going home

Next day, immediately after breakfast Hen rode off in the direction of Brownsville, the nearest town on the west about thirty miles away, and we saw nothing of him until Friday, when he returned, whistling cheerfully The boys were very keen to know what his errand had been for they were sure he had not gone merely to get a few things from the grocer's and harness maker's, but Hen did not enlighten them

That night, however, in the boss' room, he told the story to a select audience, consisting of the boss and the scribe

"I been kinder holdin off, ye see 'cause a feller hain't no ways cert'n 'bout savin 'is milk till he gits the pail out f'm under the caow, but now bein's I've got it O K, I may's well tell ye, on'y I don't want th' boys t' knaow

"Ye see, 'twas this away 'Bout five years ago, back in Maine I c'ncluded t' come out hyar to grow up wi' th' kentry a little 'Twan't cause I wanted t' dew it, but, ye see, I sort o' hed tuh"

"Ah yes," observed the boss dryly, "I believe the late Mr Stites began his brilliant career in somewhat the same way Was your difficulty about a horse too?"

Hen laugh over, he proceeded, some what blushingly

"No 'twan't that, hardly But they wan't no chance thar for a poor cuss an so I pulled out Ye see, me'n Molly Hopkins had 'bout made up aour min's t' git spliced an ev'ything was goin on smooth's smooth w'en in steps ol George Hopkins an takes a han hisself Ol Hop was a high toned ol duck, an put on heaps o' airs, cause he was th' best fixed man in taown, an hed be'n s'lectman an member of th' legislatur, while I was on'y a carpenter an hadn't ary red Th' ol egiot might've saw haow things was goin on—I reckon he did—but he never let on t'll one night he come home f'm taown an heard me'n Molly talkin in th' sittin room

"Then he jes' waded in brash Gosh! how he did go fer me! Went on t' give me th' devil fer my 'dacity in persoomin t' th' han o' his, George Hopkins' darter 'Th' idee! I want ye t' understan, young man,' says he, 'th't I hev better plans fer her th'n lettin 'er marry a penniless carpenter!' 'N he went on an tore aroun fer awhile that style but I stood my groun, t'll fin'lly he says, 'Young man, when you c'n show a bank 'count o' ten thousan dollars, she's your'n, an not b'fore' Then he grins a hull lot, thinkin haow I'd hev t' hustle a consid'ble spell 'fore I got it

"Waal me'n Molly talked it over a lot, 'n finally concluded th't I'd hev t' go summers else ef I ever got forehanded, so one day we says goodby daown in the medder lot an I pulled out fer Californy

"Sence then I've be'n knockin raound all over the kentry, tryin one thing 'n 'nother Purty hard luck most o' th' time, tew—but jes' 'fore I come hyar I located a claim, me'n 'nother feller, over in Colorado, an worked it some It didn't pan out none, so we hed t' try somethin else an hyar I come, leavin Peters t' keep up work on th' claim, I im bein in a job clus by Waal, th' other day Peters he sold aout tew a Boston comp'ny fer twenty five thousan—an my half's what I went t' Braownsville fer That's all"

Hen filled his pipe, said 'good night" and went out whistling softly

"By Jove!" said the boss, 'to hear him tell it in that easy way of his, with the cowboy lingo and the occasional Yankee twang, you'd think it a very commonplace affair I don't know what you think of it, but I think it decidedly romantic and I'm glad it's turning out so well Hen's an honest chap and deserves all the luck in the world The girl must be a plucky one too Hum! hum!" And the boss looked at the ceiling and blew smoke rings in a pensive way he sometimes had

There wasn't a man on the ranch who didn't hate to see Hen go and who wasn't honestly glad at his good fortune Even the misanthropic Posey evinced not a little regret as he said goodby to him, when, the morning after Thanksgiving Hen sat on his broncho all ready to start for Jersey, the railroad town to the east of us

It was a beautiful morning, almost like spring, and Hen couldn't have wished for a better day to start on The last goodby said, he straightened up, sniffed the cool breeze, looked to see that everything was all right and with an "Adios, boys," was off, waving his hand in acknowledgment of the rousing cheer we gave him as he reached the top of the hill across the creek

Jersey was only twenty odd miles away, and Hen expected to arrive there at noon, in time to get his dinner, dispose of his broncho and make the 2 o'clock train east. There was plenty of time, so he let his horse take its own gait and gave himself up to his own thoughts

Not a living creature was in sight on all the broad plain Hen and his horse were as much alone as if they had been on the open sea Human habitation, between the "L bar" and Jersey, there was none. Hen dismounted and laid his ear to the ground, listening intently for a few seconds. Yes, there it was, that dull, whispering, indistinct roar which the plainsman knows and fears—the voice of the coming blizzard The horse heard it, or felt it, and turned his head toward his master, whinnying softly

On and on they went, Pokey alive to the situation pounding along at his top traveling speed, steady as a clock On and on came the storm, covering horse and rider with snow as fine as flour until they looked like ghosts. Hen, leaning back to get his overcoat, lost the direction, but he had full faith in Pokey, and knew that the little animal would do better without any piloting

How cold it was! Hen's hands and toes were like lumps of ice—worse, they had hardly any feeling left in them. His ear and cheek on the side exposed to the storm were getting nipped Well, he would soon strike the stage road and then, if he had not miscalculated, there would be only five or six miles—

"Great Scott!"

For Pokey had given a sudden high leap and stood still panting Almost under his feet lay a snow covered object with a strange look about it Hen leaned down from the saddle and turned it over It was a dead man holding tight in the stiff right hand a whip such as stagedrivers use

'Stage driver, deader 'n Tom Jefferson. Drunk like's an fell off poor cuss" But there was no time to stop and investigate In another second Pokey was turned to the left and pounding along up the stage road

A dark object loomed up suddenly as they shot past and a sudden thrill sent the sluggish blood coursing through Hen's veins He halted and turned Pokey's unwilling head on the back course

Sure enough it was the stage, but there were no horses attached Hen felt around and reached the door handle A cry—a child's cry—came from within Hen tied Pokey firmly to a wheel, found the door again and entered

'Thank God!"

It was a woman's voice, and Hen almost fainted to think that its owner should be in such a terrible predicament

"Oh sir have you come to take us away? The driver fell off, I think and the horses broke loose somehow, and we're almost frozen"

Hen could see her now It was a young good looking woman and she held tightly clasped to her breast a child about three years old Neither was clad for such awful weather

Hen's heart stood still for a moment If that woman and child remained here it was almost certain death It might be days before help could reach them, and even if aid could come to them tomorrow they would have frozen meanwhile On the other hand—

"Can you ride, missis?"

'Yes, indeed"

"Waal come then, quick!"

In another minute—

"Ride straddle—so Naow hold th' kid 'n let th' hoss take 'is own road Min', naow!"

"But where are you going to"—

Hen was fastening the driver's robe about her

'I'm all right Naow hang on an keep holt o' th kid Go on Pokey! Goodby, missis!"

He was alone on the prairie in a deserted stagecoach with the storm howling about him, and his thoughts were of other things for a long time before he remembered that all his money was in his saddlebags

"Waal chances is purty nigh agin my ever needin it" he muttered in his quaint way "I'm t like I hed a stove an a bull lot o' grub She'll save it fur me likely anyhaow"

* * * * * * *

It was two days later that the stage, coming down from Jersey with several Samaritans aboard, found him It was two weeks and more before he came to himself in the hotel where he had had every possible attention He was, as he himself remarked, 'Dern glad t be alive an fin I hed n't los no han's n'r feet"

But the woman and child had gone—they left Jersey the very day that Hen's half dead form was brought in by the relief party and with them went Hen's money, for his saddlebags had been taken to the woman's room by the hostler and no one else had had possession of them, besides which much to the landlord's surprise she had paid her bill with a $100 greenback when she left Hen's money had been mostly in bills of that denomination

Hen 'kep a stiff upper lip" and said little when he got back to the ranch which he did in a short time, much to our surprise

"Twas all on 'caount o' them blame saddlebags said he "Ef I'd let new fangled notions alone an carried th' stuff an other things in my clo'es I'd ben all right"—W L Ketcham in San Francisco Examiner

Valuable Diamonds Are Safe.

A gentleman who possessed a diamond valued at £12,000 passed it freely from hand to hand in a large commercial establishment and even allowed a man whom he knew nothing about to take it out of the room

"I should think you would be afraid it would be stolen," some one said

The owner of the diamond smiled

Its value is its protection" he said "A thief, in order to realize anything upon that diamond, would have to take it to a large dealer and the diamond is perfectly well known to every such dealer in the world It would be recognized and held at once"

'But could not the thief have it cut up into small diamonds and sold in that way?"

'To be cut it would have to go either to Amsterdam or to one of two or three men in some other country In either case it would be found registered with my name as its owner It would be of no more real value to a thief than a lump of coal"—London Tit-Bits

A Soft Answer.

"Will you please give me a dime?" remarked the solicitous tramp to the thrifty citizen

'No, I won t," was the emphatic reply

'I didn't think you would," grinned the tramp

'What's that?" asked the citizen, turning on him sharply

'I didn t think you'd gimme a dime" replied the tramp gently, "I thought you'd gimme a quarter"

He got the dime—Detroit Free Press

The "Imperial" Diamond.

The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond is £430,000, which the nizam of Hyderabad agreed to give to Mr Jacobs the famous jeweler of Simla, for the 'Imperial' diamond, which is considered the finest stone in the world—Exchange

The Tallest Lighthouse.

The tallest lighthouse tower is 189 feet from its base to the center of the lantern, at Cape Hatteras Highest above the sea level is the one at Point Loma at the entrance of San Diego bay, California, 462 feet above the ocean—Boston Globe

He Told the Truth.

Mrs Snooper—Men make me tired

Mrs Swayback—What's the matter now?

Mrs Snooper—My husband saw Mrs Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes!"—Exchange

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AT A FIRE IN JAPAN.

FUNNY LILLIPUTIAN METHODS OF JAPANESE FIREMEN

The Engines That Are of Very Little Service in Fighting Flames—Plucky Hook and Ladder Men Who Show No Judgment in Their Work

Suddenly our practiced ears caught the distant boom of the fire bell Everybody else heard it and the effect was electrical While one of the men ran up the ladder and began to hammer away at our station bell, the officers hurried on their uniforms and sprang on to their horses kept ready caparisoned the captain arming himself with a huge wisp of horsehair, the lieutenant seizing his standard—a spear from the end of which hung a horse tail Meanwhile, with much shouting and no doubt bad language the 'brigade" had harnessed itself to the three squirts, and the procession was formed—officers leading, engines next, hook and ladder men with us three visitors bringing up the rear Out we went into the snowbound street up which a fierce northeaster was sweeping All Shinagawa seemed to have sprung into active life during the few minutes which had elapsed since the first notes of the fire bell

Men, women and children swarmed out of every doorway clustered about the first floor balconies and even crowded the roofs, all chattering gesticulating and uttering exclamations of terror and wonder as they gazed at the broad lurid glare in the sky Far away as they were from the scene of conflagration, there was no retiring after their first curiosity had been satisfied A man in Victoria street, Westminster who sees the reflection of a fire say, in the city, may go to bed with a certain sense of security but because two or three miles separate the Japanese spectator from the burning houses he can be by no means sure that in the course of an hour or so he may not have to rush out of his house with as many of his Lares and Penates as he can gather together

When we reached the locality of the fire a striking scene was presented to our eyes From half a dozen houses the flames were bursting forth with almost demoniacal noise and fury Half a dozen more had already been gutted and were mere shapeless shells of smoldering timber Hundreds of men and women were staggering out of the houses in the line of fire beneath the weight of their humble household goods, while piles of bedding, domestic utensils, stocks in trade and all sorts of lumber lay about in the snow More than once a quartet of men swiftly passed us, bearing on their shoulders a shapeless something wrapped in dark cloth, and we knew that the fire had claimed other victims than mere shanties of paper and wood Our squirts got to work with commendable smartness and, as there happened to be an abundance of water, were soon pouring their feeble dribbles on the flames

Thud! thud! thud! went the squirt handles but the flames seemed to roar with laughter and dance as if in mockery of the poor little thin streams of water which were turned on them and drove the lieutenant from house to house with such rapidity that more than once it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save him Meanwhile the hook and ladder corps was hard at work and if we smiled with contempt at the puny efforts of the 'engines" we could not withhold our hearty applause at the indomitable pluck, the energy and the activity of the poor little fellows who manipulated the hooks and ladders Salamander like they seemed to revel in work where the flames were fiercest and the danger greatest

But cui bono all this heroic dash and self sacrifice unbacked by common sense? We three representatives of the west watched it all with almost a feeling of anger that for the sake of a little pride pocketing such a wanton destruction of hearths and homes, such a risking of valuable lives should be tolerated by a people in so many other respects advanced thinkers and practical reformers One engine from Watling street or a single American fire company could have nipped the fire in the bud an hour before, but we were invited guests and besides being quite aware of the delicate grounds upon which the relationship between us and our Japanese hosts stood, were diffident in proffering advice

But at last we could stand it no longer, for the fire, ably seconded in its ravages by a brisk northeast wind, threatened to consume the entire quarter as far as the city boundaries So we pushed our way forward to where the captain was thundering anathemas and exhortations in a manner which plainly betrayed that he had lost self control, and with due humility suggested that if the hook and ladder company was to turn its attention to a group of yet unburned houses standing in the direct line of the fire instead of wasting energy worthy of a better cause upon houses which nothing could save a gap would be created over which the flames, furious as they were would hardly leap

The old gentleman did not welcome our suggestion with enthusiasm, nor did we expect that he would Indeed he affected to treat it cavalierly, and under the plea that we were standing in a dangerous position motioned us back into the crowd But we had the satisfaction of observing that the extreme urgency of the situation had prompted him to act on our advice, and we presently saw the hook and ladder company limber up and dash off at the double toward the group of houses indicated by us The inhabitants of these shanties squatting outside with their heaps of goods and chattels evidently clinging with true Old World tenacity to the hope that the gods or the firemen or something would stave calamity off their homes, remonstrated warmly when the hook and ladder men told them they were about to take the unheard of step of pulling down untouched houses, but the captain riding up soon silenced their objections in a harangue which from its sound was evidently very much more forcible than elegant, and the work of destruction, or rather of salvation commenced, and in a very few minutes the hooks and battering poles had made an open space which was an effectual bar to the progress of the flames But even they seemed to be imbued with a spirit of patriotism for they made fierce efforts to leap the gulf and so nullify the counsel of the 'foreign devils"

But feebler and feebler grew their leaps and gradually they subsided into a grumbling and snorting and hissing which seemed to express almost in language baffled rage So at 4 o'clock in the morning the great Shinagawa fire was staid, and we returned to the fire station with our hosts and their bruised and singed subordinates—Temple Bar

Open to Several Explanations

"Well," broke out the exchange editor all at once, "perhaps you can tell the difference, sir, between a tunnel and a leave of absence that has expired"

"The one is a bore" retorted the financial editor in a tone of loud defiance, 'and the other gives you a tired feeling The band will now play 'Annie Lau'"—

"Shucks! You're not within a thousand miles of it I knew you couldn't guess it The difference is"—

"Hold on!" snorted the financial editor "A man that can't guess a cheap little conundrum like that"—

How do you know it's a cheap conundrum?" exclaimed the exchange editor excitedly

'Didn't you try to give it away just now, I'd like to know?"

'Mph! You gave yourself away trying to"—

"The difference," mused the financial editor, 'between a tunnel and a—and a what?"

'A leave of absence that has expired"

"Well, now, I put it to you, if that isn't about the stupidest—hold on! I've got it. One is out at the endings and the other is the end of the outings'—

'Naw!" ejaculated the exchange editor, supremely disgusted "The one is an excavation and the other is an ex-vacation!"

It was a warm day and the financial editor fainted dead away—Chicago Tribune.

Miscellaneous

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If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity

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THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office

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WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class **Our prices are the Lowest Full count on all jobs guaranteed Liberal discount on large orders

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

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Best Lehigh

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We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

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Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market

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